

BLOOD DINER

(BLOOD FEAST II)

Screenplay by
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Based on original
story concepts by:

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EPICS INTERNATIONAL

1. FADE IN to beginning of printed prologue over black BG; ROLL-UP PROLOGUE as NARRATOR speaks.

NARRATOR (Dead Serious)

Warning! The truly unusual motion picture you are about to see contains many scenes of Graphic Violence. It is not intended for the faint of heart or the young and impressionable. While it is a sad fact that mass homicide and practitioners of Blood Cults infest our society, the producers of this film wish to express that they do not condone, nor do they want to inspire, any of the human butchery or violence against women portrayed in this film.

Note: All of the mutilations, bodily dismemberments and cannibal rituals were performed by seasoned professionals.
Please do not attempt any of these stunts at home.

Thank You.

Continue PROLOGUE ROLL-UP into blackness.

2. Out of the blackness, advancing into full center frame is the super-imposure of the disembodied head of FUAD RAMSES; he is a sinister-looking man of fifty; his grey hair is slicked back and his grey triangular eyebrows over-emphasize his wild staring eyes.

FUAD

Give yourself over to Ishtar...

FUAD vanishes, leaving us with the black frame.

FUAD (V. O. Echoing)

Ishtar...Ishtar.

ZOOM IN red title to fill the frame over the black BG.

B L O O D F E A S T II

Title begins dripping, bloodlike and quickly, to cover the lower half of the frame in total red; from outside frame a huge splatter of blood fills the top half of the frame, then we DISSOLVE TO

3. EXT. GRAVEYARD, NIGHT: CAMERA prowls through the

cemetery as the BLOOD FEAST Music Theme plays;
As we travel through the cemetery, the beam of a
bright flashlight surveys the grounds and comes
to rest on a headstone

1st HEADSTONE
(MAIN STAR TITLE)

Muffled grunts and strange sounds are heard as
we travel to stop at the next headstone

2nd HEADSTONE
(2nd STAR TITLE)

CAMERA and flashlight PAN QUICK to the next
headstone and stop

3rd HEADSTONE
(1st CO-STAR TITLE)

CAMERA and flashlight travel forward slowly and
a strange squeal is heard; We stop and the flash-
light is raised to center on the 4th headstone

4th HEADSTONE
(2nd CO-STAR TITLE)

Music builds as CAMERA and flashlight TILT DOWN
to the ground and PAN LEFT, shining on a plaque
inset in earth and encrusted with roses

1st PLAQUE
(SPECIAL GUEST STARS TITLES)

CAMERA & light continue to PAN LEFT SLOWLY and
stop at the second plaque

2nd PLAQUE
(DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY CREDIT)

A sound like a donkey's bray is heard then CAMERA
& light TILT UP FAST and travel quickly, stopping
before a small crypt with inscription

CRYPT
(PRODUCER CREDIT)

Digging sounds are heard then CAMERA & light
 PAN RIGHT SLOWLY to an ornate ceramic skull;
 TILT DOWN, showing the skull to be the top of
 a very large headstone as music swells & ends

LARGE HEADSTONE
 (DIRECTOR CREDIT)

The large headstone topples over with a loud thud!
 Then we CUT TO

4. ANGLE on the night WATCHMAN who starts so violently that he hits himself in the head with his own flashlight.

WATCHMAN

SHIT!

The sound of a shovel scraping against wood attracts him and he jumps over the toppled marker to the approximate origin of noise, then CUT TO

5. ANGLE on headstone and his flashlight reveals the following inscription:

In Memory of Our Beloved Uncle,
 FUAD RAMSES

SESMAH

6. ANGLE on open grave of FUAD; GEORGE ~~RAMSES~~, a gruesome type with a wrestler's build, hunches over Fuad's coffin, shovel in hand; he wags a large green tongue at the WATCHMAN as the flashlight illuminates his face.

WATCHMAN

What the hell!

GEORGE points a finger at the WATCHMAN's soiled face and clothes.

GEORGE (SCOLDING WITH HUMOR)

Dirty, dirty...

The WATCHMAN draws a gun from a hip holster.

WATCHMAN (SURLY)

Get your ugly butt out of there
before I blow it off!

7. ANGLE on GEORGE; he drops the shovel and holds up one finger.

GEORGE

Look up!

8. ANGLE on WATCHMAN; he averts his eyes upward for a second, then back to GEORGE.

WATCHMAN

I'm warning you, gruesome...

9. ANGLE on GEORGE as he points the finger downward.

GEORGE

Look down!

10. FRONT VIEW of the WATCHMAN and a large shadowy figure creeping up behind him, brandishing a shovel.

WATCHMAN

You've got three seconds.

11. ANGLE on GEORGE; he makes a fist and extends his thumb.

GEORGE

See my thumb?

12. CLOSE SHOT of WATCHMAN as the flat end of the shovel blade strikes the back of his head with such force

his eyeballs shoot out of their sockets, followed by torrents of blood; WATCHMAN falls out of the frame, revealing the placidly smiling face of MICHAEL SESMAR, a bald scarfaced giant of 6' 5" easily.

MICHAEL

He sure was dumb, wasn't he, little brother?

13. FULL DOWN-ANGLE VIEW of the open grave; the dead watchman is sprawled over Fuad's coffin; GEORGE scampers through the surrounding earth and retrieves the missing eyeballs, inserting them back into the watchman's still-squirting sockets; CUT TO
14. CU of the cross-eyed watchman; CUT TO
15. FULL VIEW of GEORGE turning the corpse over for MICHAEL to see, snickering at his joke; CUT TO
16. CU of MICHAEL, the placid smile becoming just a little more serious.

MICHAEL

Stop playing around, we've got work to do for Uncle Fuad...and Ishtar.

17. FULL VIEW, GEORGE lifts the watchman's body high over his head.

GEORGE (Shouts Reverently)

ISHTAR!

GEORGE flings the body far from the gravesite; he spits on both palms and, like the Hercules he is, pries open the coffin with his bare hands, displaying the rotted one-armed body of Fuad Ramses as we CUT TO

18. OMIT

19. MLS, MICHAEL using the watchman's flashlight to examine a passage from a book; ZOOM IN TO

20. CU of the book and its title
"ANCIENT WEIRD RELIGIOUS RITES"
CUT TO

21. FULL VIEW of MICHAEL as he puts the book down.

MICHAEL

Sit him up, Georgie.

22. GEORGE grabs Fuad at the waist; the cadaver's solitary arm pops up, causing GEORGE to start at first, then he gives MICHAEL a curious look.

MICHAEL (Gleeful Smile)

You see, he's glad to see us.

MICHAEL brings a hacksaw into view and jumps into the grave with GEORGE;
GEORGE holds Fuad's head in an upright position; as MICHAEL begins to saw through Fuad's head, yellow ooze seeps from the incision, then the sawblade gets stuck.

MICHAEL (Mildly Frantic)

George, help me out!

GEORGE squeezes both sides of Fuad's head with all his might, till the top of the head suddenly pops open;

CAMERA TRAVELS UPWARD, SLOW MOTION, as the intact brain soars upward, then we CUT TO

23. MEDIUM VIEW, MICHAEL smiling joyously as the brain falls neatly (but sloppily) into his cupped hands.

24. FULL VIEW, GEORGE and MICHAEL climb out of the grave with their precious find; GEORGE hands MICHAEL a large valise embellished with glowing tubes on the outside; wires from the tubing lead to the inside of the valise, which is glowing weirdly; MICHAEL gently places the brain inside the valise and a light splash is heard; CUT TO
25. MEDIUM SHOT of GEORGE clapping his hands together with glee; CUT TO
26. OVER-THE-SHOULDER VIEW of MICHAEL examining another book, and we can read its title

"MODERN WEIRD EXPERIMENTS"

27. SIDE VIEW, MICHAEL putting the book aside.

MICHAEL

The resurrection from the veil of
darkness and chaos has come again
...for Ishtar.

MICHAEL puts his hands inside the valise and we
hear weird electronic whines and bleeps; CUT TO

28. CU of GEORGE furrowing his brow doubtfully.

GEORGE

It working, Mikey?

CUT TO

29. SIDE VIEW, both men gazing almost hypnotically at the valise.

MICHAEL

I don't know, this type of thing
hasn't been tried-

FUAD'S BRAIN
(V. O. from Valise)

For five...thousand...years.

MICHAEL and GEORGE smile knowingly at each other as
we CUT TO

30. SPINNING MATTE of a newspaper which halts to display
a blaring headline

GHOUL CULT AT HEAVENLY ACRES

CUT TO

31. INT. DAY, POLICE STATION, CLOSE SHOT of the newspaper
being slapped down on a desk; we PULL BACK to take in
the interior of CHIEF MILLER's office, to include MILLER
and DETECTIVE MARK SHEPARD; MILLER is in his early
fifties, looks like a real squareheaded all-American
Joe; SHEPARD is an expertly-tailored man in his
early to mid-thirties; his hair is carefully styled
and sprayed stiff as a board and he wears gold chains
around his opened collar---a real late 1960s-type
macho/hip nerd; we favor SHEPARD as he reads a sleazy
tabloid with the headline

ELVIS WAS GAY
I WAS HIS LOVER

MILLER (Frustrated)

Dammit! Maniac graverobbers yet, and
it isn't even Halloween. What you make
of it, Mark?

SHEPARD drops the tabloid down on the floor.

SHEPARD (Very Cool)

Beats me, Chief...seems like the work of a pathological weirdo, that's all.

MILLER

That's all? All we've got is nothing! No clues, no motives...

32. MEDIUM VIEW, SHEPARD nodding slowly and thoughtfully as he smokes a cigaret and puffs up his chest.

SHEPARD

You know, I used to date that watchman's daughter some time back. He didn't have an enemy in the world.

33.

MILLER

Obviously! Just his eyeballs were popped out and the rest of his body was hacked to bits and strewn about like a goddam jigsaw puzzle...(SARCASTICALLY)...not an enemy in the world...

34. SIDE VIEW, both men but favoring SHEPARD as he studiously examines the cigarette in his hand; it's burning about a quarter of an inch from the gold-tipped filter; he grinds it out, field-strips it into a large ashtray, then pulls out another from a gold-inlayed cigarette case and lights it with a gold Ronson.

SHEPARD (Confident)

There's a clue there somewhere, Chief. We've just got to put all the pieces together and see what we got.

35.

MILLER frowns (from the impact of SHEPARD'S last line); he then shrugs it off to coincidence and calms.

MILLER (Sighs)

You're right, Mark, you're always right...and a damned good detective, too!

36.

SHEPARD gestures modestly with his cigarette and smiles, saying nothing (What can he say, he knows it's true).

MILLER (Continues)

But when you've been on the force as long as I have you develop a second sense about the continuance of the diabolical. It kind of slinks down your gut and grabs you by the shorts. Mark, it's tugging real bad right now--hasn't been this bad since those geeks broke loose in the Chicken Boy Diner. That's why I'm assigning you a partner, a rookie from New York.

SHEPARD

What's his name?

MILLER

Sheba Jackson, 110 pounds of all-female all-American cop...she's good.

SHEPARD

When do I meet her?

MILLER

Tomorrow. In the meantime, see what you can dig up on this cemetery case.

SHEPARD drags heavily on his cigarette and coolly blows a few smoke rings, then gets up with determination.

SHEPARD

Gotcha, Chief!

As he leaves the room, we PULL IN on MILLER, who picks up the newspaper and stares at it again, then shakes his head and slaps it down on the desk; we DISSOLVE TO

37. INT. "THE SESMAR EXOTIC HEALTH CAFE" (MICHAEL and GEORGE's diner); CLOSE SHOT of a brown patty being slapped on a griddle and pressed with a spatula; we PULL BACK to take in GEORGE working at the grill; he has a small TV set placed beside the grill and watches it every few seconds while he labors over the patty---a wrestling match is on. CUT TO
38. FULL VIEW of the diner interior; it's small with a counter and travel posters of Cairo, pyramids, the Sphinx, etc. adorn the walls; small gold busts of Nefertiti decorate each table; we PULL IN to a SEMI-PROFILE of MICHAEL standing behind the counter, counting change and glancing at a pretty high school girl who sadly pokes at the food on her plate; seated at the counter, near MICHAEL, is an old bugger dressed like a cowboy, gobbling up the last of his food as we CUT TO

39. TV screen: The mean wrestler throws the hero wrestler to the mat and jumps butt-down onto his chest. CUT TO

40. GEORGE, ripping a head of lettuce in half, then CUT TO

41. The cowboy, who's known as VITAMIN SEE; he burps.

VITAMIN

'Scuse me, but that was the best friggin' vegeburger I've had in a sonabitchin' long time, I'll tell ya.

We PULL BACK to take in MICHAEL as well; he ignores VITAMIN and continues to eye the girl.

VITAMIN

Yessir, damn good vegeburger. If'n I didn't know any better I'd swear there was some kind of meat in it.

CUT TO

42. On GEORGE, holding a carrot.

VITAMIN (V. O.)

An' I'm an expert. Hell, I've eaten vegeburgers all across America.

GEORGE studies the hero wrestler doing a flying kick into his opponent's face; GEORGE bites the top off the carrot and spits it out then slices it.

VITAMIN (V. O.)

I've had spinach salads in gourmet restaurants an' I've eaten in so-called health food hangouts where the soup weren't fit to piss in.

43. On CONNIE as she pushes her plate away and walks toward the register; MICHAEL is entranced by her.

VITAMIN

You're Michael Sesmar, aren't ya?

MICHAEL nods without looking at VITAMIN, his attention focused on CONNIE as she fumbles for her wallet.

VITAMIN grabs MICHAEL's hand and shakes it vigourously.

VITAMIN

Goddamned proud to meet you, Mr. Sesmar.
My name's Horatio Titus See, but my
friends call me Vitamin 'cause I eat so
much health food. Get it? Vitamin See?

MICHAEL withdraws his hand to ring up CONNIE's check.

MICHAEL (Blankly)

Pleased to meet you, Mr. See.

VITAMIN

Hell, call me Vitamin!

MICHAEL assumes a "cool" attitude as he hands
CONNIE her change.

MICHAEL

Was everything okay? You barely
touched your food.

CONNIE

Oh yes, it was very good. I'm just
upset, that's all...I got kicked off
the cheerleader team today.

CUT TO

44. GEORGE, staring almost transfixed at the TV as
VITAMIN approaches him.

VITAMIN

So you're the cook, huh?

VITAMIN extends his hand.

VITAMIN

My name's Horatio but my friends
call me Vitamin.

GEORGE takes his hand, still watching the TV;
on the screen, the mean wrestler jumps on the
hero wrestler; GEORGE throws VITAMIN's hand
down onto the counter like a one-second arm
wrestle.

CUT TO

45. MICHAEL and CONNIE.

CONNIE

I'd really like to belong but my dad would kill me if I wore one of those outfits.

MICHAEL

You did the right thing. Besides, those girls sound like snobs unable to appreciate someone special.

CONNIE blushes.

MICHAEL

Let me put you on our mailing list. We're planning a special feast for special people...an Egyptian feast.

CONNIE

An Egyptian feast? I've never heard of it.

MICHAEL

It hasn't been served in five thousand... and...twenty..years!

46. OMIT

CUT TO

47. CLOSE SHOT of MICHAEL opening a drawer and pulling out a mailing list book; beneath the book are several cat collars, pet name tags and a catnip mouse; MICHAEL hands the book to CONNIE.

VITAMIN

Here, I'd like to sign that.

GEORGE (Violently)

Pretty girls only!

The GIRL signs the book.

VITAMIN

What?

MICHAEL

He...uh..means, ladies first.

VITAMIN

Of course, ladies first.

The GIRL returns the book to MICHAEL and he gives it a cursory glance.

MICHAEL

Connie...what a lovely name. Come back and see us soon.

ZOOM IN on MICHAEL's staring eyes, then CUT TO

48. CLOSE SHOT of CONNIE, looking trancelike.

CONNIE

Thank you, I will.

MICHAEL slams the open book shut and CONNIE snaps out of her trance; We follow CONNIE as she moves toward the door, then turns to wave.

CONNIE

Goodbye.

MICHAEL smiles wickedly as she leaves, then a bum enters smoking a cigarette.

MICHAEL

Oh Sir...

The bum looks up sleepily.

MICHAEL

MICHAEL

...There's no smoking here. Everything is pure and natural.

DISSOLVE TO

49. INT. NIGHT, BACK ROOM OF CAFE: Fuad's brain rests on a medium-sized platform flanked by Egyptian statues along with a stuffed porcupine (PORKY) and a live Boa Constrictor (ISIS); GEORGE and MICHAEL are dressed in Egyptian robes; they kneel before the brain of Fuad, their heads bowed in reverence.

FUAD

So help me, Ishtar.

MICHAEL & GEORGE (UNISON)

So help me, Ishtar.

FUAD

You are now annointed disciples of Ishtar, Egyptian Goddess of Blood and Lust, Mother of the Veiled Darkness.

CLOSE on MICHAEL looking up at the brain; he smiles and nudges GEORGE to look up, then we PULL IN to a close-up of the brain as a superimposure of Fuad's countenance ripples over the whole of the jar, then stabilizes; GEORGE and MICHAEL smile at each other.

FUAD

No longer shall you demean yourselves by serving up the unfit flesh of household vermin, such as cats and dogs...for I, Fuad Ramses, shall instruct you on how to be master chefs of the Blood Feast, the Blood Feast that shall revive the goddess Ishtar into this world to wreak vengeance and chaos.

FUAD's face FADES back into the blackness then vanishes as he speaks his last lines; GEORGE opens the valise and MICHAEL gently picks up the jar with FUAD's brain.

FUAD (CONT.)

It will take the deaths of many maidens
for her resurrection and when she awakes
she will need to feed on someone very
special.

The brain is lowered into the valise and the valise
is snapped shut. VERTICAL WIPE to

50. INT. GIRLS' LOCKER ROOM: CAMERA PANS along a row of
benches and lockers strewn with cheerleader uniforms,
pom poms, undies and expensive cosmetics and hair
care formulas.

CAMERA comes to rest in a far corner of the shower
where CHEERLEADER #1 and CHEERLEADER #2 are the only
two left; CHEER #1 lathers herself up too much; she's
covered with lather; she drops her soap and picks it
up; as she rises upward, she shoots a seductive glance
at CHEER #2.

CHEER #1 (HANDS HER THE SOAP)

Want this?

CHEER #2 nods, smiles but does not reach for the soap;
CHEER #1 cozies up to her and begins to lather her up,
starting with her neck and shoulders, then her breasts;
CHEER #2 closes her eyes--she seems to be lapping it up;
As CHEER #1 becomes more sensuous in her lathering,
CAMERA begins to revolve around the two in carousel
fashion; CHEER #1 drops the soap and kisses CHEER #2
as they revolve in carousel fashion in opposite
direction to the CAMERA; CAMERA CAROUSEL begins to
pick up speed as their passion progresses, then we
CUT TO

51. INT. LOCKER ROOM ENTRANCE: The doors fly open to
reveal HEAD CHEERLEADER dressed in a sexy-looking
designer's leotard.

HEAD CHEERLEADER (SHOUTS)

Hurry up, you lesbos, we start to tape
in a minute!

CUT TO

52. INT. GYMNASIUM, NIGHT: CLOSE SHOT of a feminine posterior bobbing in and out of frame in time to sleazy disco music;
PULL BACK to reveal approximately nine "Beverly Hills youth chic" type girls working their tushes off in aerobics fashion.
53. On BITSY, a busty hispanic woman operating a portable videotape unit.

BITSY (CALLS OUT)

Come on, girls, work with it! Show me
what you got! Do it for me! (etc.)

CUT TO

54. EXT. HIGH SCHOOL, NIGHT: ESTABLISHING SHOT; GEORGE and MICHAEL enter frame in front of the high school; viewed from the waist down; MICHAEL lowers the valise into frame.

FUAD (V.O.)

Let the first step of the Blood Feast
begin.

CUT TO

55. INT. GYMNASIUM, NIGHT: On BITSY.

BITSY

Come on, girls, really work for me! It's not enough to be the only aerobicizing cheerleaders, you've got to look like the best aerobicizing cheerleaders if you want to make national exposure....okay, hold it, I've got to get more tape.

BITSY turns off the music and EXITS.

CUT TO

56. INT. HIGH SCHOOL, NIGHT, CAM P.O.V. as we travel along the deserted halls.

CUT TO

57. INT. GYMNASIUM, NIGHT: HEAD CHEERLEADER brushes sweat off her forehead and sits down next to another cheerleader (CLARISE).

HEAD CHEER

You did real good, Clarise...much better than that Connie would've been.

CLARISE

Can you imagine her wanting to wear a sweatsuit instead of tights? How does she expect to get on TV wearing something like that?

CHEER #4

That's 'cause her dad's a cop.

HEAD CHEER

Her dad's a jerk!

CUT TO

58. INT. HIGH SCHOOL, NIGHT, CAM P.O.V. as we travel around a corner and down another corridor.

CUT TO

59. EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT, NIGHT: BITSY rifles through the trunk of her car; she pulls out a walkman cassette player and puts it on; she shakes approvingly to the barely audible punk music, pulls out some blank videocassettes and slams the trunk closed.

CUT TO

60. INT. HIGH SCHOOL, NIGHT, CAM P.O.V. as we travel down the corridor and up to the entrance to the girls' gym, then through the door as it's pushed open by unseen hands.
Inside, HEAD CHEERLEADER is attracted by the sound of the creaking door.

HEAD CHEER

Bitsy?

CUT TO

61. On entrance to gym; MICHAEL stands in the doorway clad in his Egyptian robe, a machine gun in his hands.

MICHAEL

ISHTAR!

CUT TO

62. FULL VIEW of the girls from slightly over MICHAEL's shoulder and taking him in as he fires the machine gun; the cheerleaders convulse and squirt blood excessively and we CUT TO
63. BITSY struts down the corridor toward the girls' gym; the sound of machine-gun fire is drowned out by the blaring punk music on her headset; as she reaches the door to the gym the machine gun halts; she stops and listens to the last few beats of music then opens the door;
We follow her through the door then travel around her shoulder as she halts, paralysed with fright, her eyes staring open widely; we ZOOM PAST her to MICHAEL, crouched before the HEAD CHEER and lovingly holding her freshly-severed tongue; beside him is the brain of FUAD.

FUAD (V.O.)

-At least eight tongues must be set aside for proper aging. Discard the vocal chords and any surrounding tissues or use them only for tomorrow's vegepatties.

MICHAEL slits the throat of another girl and prepares to remove her tongue; BITSY gasps and MICHAEL looks up, then goes after her with his knife; BITSY recovers herself and runs out the door, then we CUT TO

63. INT, HIGH SCHOOL: BITSY runs down the corridor with MICHAEL in hot pursuit; she stops before a stairway and then we travel with her up the stairs;
Halfway up, she pauses and turns to look behind her as we CUT TO
64. FULL VIEW, DOWN-ANGLE ON MICHAEL, who's just reached the stairs and slowly ascends toward her. CUT TO
65. BITSY, standing terrified and motionless as MICHAEL nears her; suddenly, she kicks him in the face, hurling him to the bottom of the staircase, then we follow her as she turns and runs up the remaining stairs and around the corner of the upper hallway. CUT TO
66. SCHOOL HALLWAY, NIGHT: BITSY hurriedly tries all the doors until she finds one unlocked, and she ducks inside, then we CUT TO
67. INT, CLASSROOM, NIGHT: Panting with fright,

BITSY holds her back to the door; she hears sounds of footsteps and doors being tried and tenses as the footsteps approach her door; All is silent for a moment then BITSY holds her breath and the door starts shaking heavily as MICHAEL tries to get in; BITSY pushes with all her might, then moves aside and lets MICHAEL come crashing in to fall on the floor.

MICHAEL, still holding his knife, slowly rises up and we zoom in on his staring eyes, then CUT TO

68. FULL VIEW of BITSY as MICHAEL approaches her and she seems to be in a trance; in the nick of time, she snaps out of it and leaps out of a nearby window as we CUT TO
69. EXT, CLASSROOM BUILDING: BITSY comes crashing through the glass window and we follow her the short distance to the ground where, bruised and bloodied and dazed, she crawls a few feet and then turns her head back toward the window.
CUT TO
70. FULL VIEW of the shattered window; no one's there.
CUT TO
71. FULL VIEW, BITSY turning her head around to face front.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Look Up!

She does as we CUT TO

72. FULL VIEW, GEORGE RAMSES swinging downward with a large machete, then CUT TO

73. CLOSE TRAVELLING SHOT of BITSY's head rolling across the grass to a dead stop; simultaneously, she burps up a bubble of blood and muffled music from her head set starts to play.

CUT TO

74. INT. LOCKER ROOM: MICHAEL is sawing off one of the girl's legs with a hacksaw; he pauses for a moment.

MICHAEL

What's that you said, Uncle Fuad?

FUAD

Once more...remove only one unblemished limb from each of the maidens. The body awaiting Ishtar must be a composite as she is a goddess of many facets.

MICHAEL continues to saw.

FUAD (CONT.)

But it must be fair and appealing to the eye, especially the head. To choose the wrong one would be a desecration.

CUT TO

75. The gym doors swing open and GEORGE drags in the decapitated body of BITSY with one arm; his other hand is inserted into the open neck of BITSY's head and he works her jaw muscles from the inside like a ventriloquist's dummy; CUT TO

76. C.U. on BITSY's head.

GEORGE (O.S. in a HIGH
FEMININE VOICE)

My name's Ishtar, what's yours?

CUT TO

77. MICHAEL whispers a description of what's just happened to FUAD's brain and we hear them both chuckle, then MICHAEL returns to sawing the leg and we CUT TO
78. MEDIUM VIEW: GEORGE adjusts BITSY's walkman onto his ears, holds BITSY's head aloft and makes faces at it as he gyrates to the punk music he is listening to, then CUT TO
79. CLOSE VIEW of the severed leg dropping to the floor.

CHIEF MILLER (V.O.)

For God's Sake, be careful!

Under MILLER's voice, we DISSOLVE to the same locker room set with daylight streaming through the high windows as a stupid rookie retrieves the dropped leg and puts it into an already overflowing garbage bag full of parts; police photographers are taking pictures of the grisly scene as MILLER shakes and scratches his head.

We see MARK SHEPARD enter through the gym doors and whistle in disbelief; he walks over to MILLER and steps in a pool of blood, then casually wipes it off on the floor as one would scrape off a dog's mess.

MILLER

Well, what do you make of it, Mark?

SHEPPARD

Looks like someone had a do-it-yourself
lunch meat party, Chief.

MILLER punches SHEPPARD swiftly in the stomach,
doubling him over.

MILLER

Sorry, Mark, I know that was tough, but
I won't tolerate any disrespect for human
life on my force.

SHEPPARD (COMPOSES HIMSELF)

You're right, Chief, a good detective,
no matter how hardened he must become,
can't lose his sense of decency.

MILLER

Glad you see it that way, Mark. So,
before we haul all this ghoulash outa
here, what d'you make of it?

SHEPARD (THOUGHTFULLY)

Could be the work of a pathological killer.

SHEBA (O.S.)

More likely two...

CUT TO

80. FULL VIEW of SHEBA JACKSON, black, trim and well-
built, holding a severed forearm with bloodied
plastic gloves.

SHEBA (CONT)

...judging from the disproportionate
bite marks on this forearm.

SHEBA hands the forearm to the stupid-looking
rookie and we travel with her as she crosses over
to SHEPPARD and MILLER; SHEPPARD eyes her coolly
and seductively but she pays him no attention.

MILLER

Mark Shepard, meet Sheba Jackson,
your new assistant.

SHEPPARD EXTENDS his hand and SHEBA shakes it
hard and briskly with her still-bloodied glove.

MILLER

Bitemarks? Cannibals, huh? There's
a biker group called the Cannibals,
but they've never gone to this extreme...

SHEPARD coolly wipes his hand off on the side of
his pants and continues to give SHEBA the eye.

MILLER (CONT)

Besides, they're supposed to be
vegetarians...

SHEBA removes her gloves and tosses them accurately
into a garbage bag carried by a passing janitor.

MILLER (CONT)

...and what self-respecting vegetarian
would be a party to...

SHEPARD combs his hair and winks at SHEBA.

MILLER (CONT)

...such an utterly gruesome display of
monstrously degenerate and inhuman
depravity?

SHEBA wipes a speck of blood off her badge, still
ignoring SHEPARD.

MILLER (CONT)

I mean, this is totally disgusting. Arms
sawed off, organs removed...

SHEPARD, still trying to snag SHEBA's attention,
runs the tip of his tongue across his lips.

MILLER (CONT)

...a head separated from its body, nine perfectly healthy tongues ripped from their young, white, virginal throats...

SHEPARD quickly puts his tongue back in his mouth.

SHEPARD

Well, there will be no cheering at this school today, Chief.

MILLER

That's the damn-sad fact of it, Mark.

SHEBA

With your permission, Chief Miller, I'd like to go over to the coroner's now, so we can get a head start on any clues from an autopsy.

MILLER

Smart thinking, Jackson. You two kids get a move on and see what you come up with, I'll gather up enough guts to call the parents. Now off, the both of you!

SHEPARD and SHEBA trot away and MILLER shakes his head as the last bag of body parts is dragged out in front of him, then we CUT TO

81. INT, SCHOOL HALLWAY, DAY: we TRACK AHEAD of SHEBA and SHEPARD as she walks a little ahead of him; we halt as he grabs her arm and stops her.

SHEPARD

You handle yourself pretty cool for a rookie. Plenty of experienced men would've tossed donuts up. I'm impressed.

SHEBA shrugs modestly; SHEPARD moves closer to her ear.

SHEPARD (SEDUCTIVELY)

Tell me, Jackson, is it true what they say about you black girls?

SHEBA (EQUALLY SEDUCTIVE)

What do you mean, that we can...kick a boot up a peckerwood's ass in less than a second?

SHEPARD is taken aback for a second, then smiles.

SHEPARD

You're tough, Jackson!

He delivers a mock punch of approval at her shoulder.

SHEPARD (CONT)

I like a woman who's tough. Now, let's go get those maniacs.

DISSOLVE TO

82. INT, SESMAR CAFE, DAY: C.U. on the TV where LITTLE JIMMY HITLER, a wrestler dressed in Nazi regalia, sits on his opponent's back, twisting his leg.
- We PULL BACK to take in GEORGE munching on a veggie burger and spreading mayonaise on a fresh bun with his free hand, his eyes glued to the set; MICHAEL rings up a sale on the register; the cafe is jumping with business and VITAMIN is in his usual seat next to MICHAEL.

MICHAEL

Two more special's, Georgie.

GEORGE reluctantly dishes up two bowls of bubbling stew. He finishes the last bite of his veggieburger

with a loud crunch; extracting a dented bullet from his teeth, he looks around to see if anyone has noticed, then tosses it beneath the counter; VITAMIN finishes off his stew eagerly.

VITAMIN

Hot damn, boys, this stuff is even better than last time.

MICHAEL

Glad you like it, Mr. Vitamin, and thanks for all the business.

VITAMIN

Well, I'm determined to make you two famous. Good health food is hard to come by in this piss-pot of a city.

He leans over to whisper to MICHAEL.

VITAMIN

By the way, what's the special ingredient in the Tuesday surprise?

MICHAEL smiles slyly.

MICHAEL

If I told you, it wouldn't be a surprise, would it?

CUT TO

83. EXT. STREET, NEARBY: CLOSE VIEW of CONNIE reading a newspaper headline:

AEROBI-SLASHER RUNS AMOK

Horrified, she throws down the paper and runs to the crosswalk opposite the cafe where she pauses, sobbing.

CUT TO

84. INT. SESMAR CAFE: MICHAEL takes the mailing list book from a rockabilly girl, TRUDY, and her rockabilly boyfriend TONY.

MICHAEL

Thank you, Miss...(he glances at the book)...Sanders. We'll be getting to you--I mean, in touch with you, very soon.

TRUDY blows a large gum bubble and snaps it back in her mouth.

TRUDY (N.Y. ACCENT)

Thanks, I'm sure.

As she and TONY exit, MICHAEL notices CONNIE accross the street, still sobbing; he takes off his apron.

MICHAEL

Cover for me, Georgie.

GEORGE grunts and continues to watch TV as we PULL IN to a C.U. on the screen.

JIMMY HITLER

So, if any of you non-Aryan scumheads think you're man enough to tangle with me, Little Jimmy Hitler, this Thursday I'm ready to wipe the matt with any skunk-smellin' butt-whiffers audacious enough to try the strength of true Deutchland supremacy. That's Thursday, right here...

GEORGE crosses over to VITAMIN.

GEORGE

I wrestle, show him up good.

VITAMIN

Can you wrestle as good as you cook?

GEORGE slaps his elbow to the counter in arm-wrestling position.

GEORGE bounds over the counter locking VITAMIN into a half-Nelson.

CUT TO

85. EXT. STREET, DAY, as MICHAEL gives CONNIE a hanky to dry her eyes.

CONNIE

But Michael, you don't understand. I knew those girls. If I'd agreed to do that stupid tape I'd be dead, too.

MICHAEL

If anyone so much as looks crosseyed at you, you tell me and...well, they won't have a head left to think twice about doin' it again.

CONNIE smiles, then raises up on her tiptoes to kiss MICHAEL's cheek; he blushes.

CONNIE

Thank you, Michael, it's nice to know one has a guardian angel to count on.

MICHAEL fishes in his pocket and pulls out a gold medallion which he hands to CONNIE.

MICHAEL

Here, take this for good luck. It's a sacred medallion, very old and very powerful. It represents the Egyptian goddess Ishtar...from now on, you belong to her.

CONNIE

Two guardian angels in one day. I guess I have nothing to worry about after all. Wait till I tell my father.

MICHAEL

No, don't tell anyone, this is our secret...just between you and me and Ishtar.

CUT TO

86. INT. SESMAR CAFE, DAY, as GEORGE serves up another portion of Tuesday surprise to VITAMIN.

GEORGE

Here, on house.

VITAMIN (EAGERLY)

Thanks an' more thanks, Georgie!

He slurps down a large spoonful, talking with his mouth full.

VITAMIN

Helluva goddamned shame about them girls gettin' butchered up like that.

GEORGE grunts as he watches MICHAEL enter.

VITAMIN

What beats the cornbread hell outa me is what would these meat creeps be wantin' with them body parts anyhow.

DISSOLVE TO

87. INT. CAFE BACK ROOM, NIGHT: Stretched on a table near the altar is the body of ISHTAR, sewn together from the various parts of cheerleaders and crowned by BITSY's head; MICHAEL finishes sewing a hand onto the left wrist.

FUAD (V.O.)

Is the earthly body for the goddess ready?

MICHAEL

Almost, Uncle Fuad.

GEORGE, dressed in painter's clothes, puts a framed picture next to FUAD's brain on the altar, slightly bumping the glass jar.

FUAD

What was that?

MICHAEL ties the knot on the last stitch.

MICHAEL

A photo we found of you from the (Frame blow-up
good old days. of Fuad)

GEORGE puts gold paint in the cannister of a power sprayer.

FUAD

Ah yes, the good old days. People had ambition then...purpose.

GEORGE dons a mask and begins to spray-paint the newly-constructed body.

FUAD (CONT)

I, most of all, took pride in life's goals...

DISSOLVE TO bathroom scene (in SEPIA TONE) from the original BLOOD FEAST.

FUAD (CONT)

Everything I did was done with care...

FUAD HOLDS eye on knife.

FUAD (CONT)

I truly enjoyed my appointed destiny...

He begins to chop off a girl's leg.

FUAD (CONT)

...no matter how difficult the task, I
kept at it again and again and again.

FUAD removes the leg.

FUAD (CONT)

Like cleanliness, I was in a state
next to Godliness...

ANGLE on dead girl in tub.

FUAD (CONT)

...as you, my nephews, are becoming in
your devotion next to Godliness

DISSOLVE TO

88. INT, BACK ROOM (NORMAL COLOR), FULL VIEW of the still
body of ISHTAR, now painted gold and propped up on the
altar, dressed in robes; the Boa Constrictor twines
up her legs as MICHAEL finishes making up her face
with lipstick.

FUAD

Now...what is the next ingredient we
need...George?

GEORGE frowns for a beat then his face lights up.

GEORGE

Bloody guts!

FUAD

That's right, two stomachs from two
maidens to be precise.

MICHAEL

Want to come with us, Uncle Fuad?

FUAD

FUAD

No, you boys are doing fine. Besides,
I seem to have a bit of mental fatigue.

MICHAEL turns out the lights as they leave.

MICHAEL

Good night, Uncle.

FUAD

Good night, Michael.

HORIZONTAL WIPE to

89. EXT. CLUB LINGERIE, NIGHT: Despite the number of people milling about in front of the club, GEORGE and MICHAEL are easily recognized; GEORGE wears a black business suit adorned with spikes and other punk accoutrements, plus a Beatle wig; MICHAEL is dressed in true Vegas Elvis fashion, his baldness concealed by a huge pompadoured toupee.

CUT TO

90. SIDE VIEW of JASON (the doorman) greeting MICHAEL and GEORGE in the doorway; standing beside JASON is his friend ERIC.

JASON (WARILY)

You--ahem--gentlemen have any I.D.?

MICHAEL and GEORGE exchange glances, trying to dream up an answer, then turn back to JASON.

MICHAEL

We're supposed to be on the guest list.

JASON (SHAKES HIS HEAD)

Sorry...no I.D., no admittance.

GEORGE seizes JASON by the collar.

GEORGE

We rock stars!

GEORGE heaves JASON out into the street; JASON tries to get up and is knocked over by a low-rider; a second low-rider runs over his legs; thru the steadily moving traffic we see JASON pop up only to be struck down a third time; CLOSE SHOT of a low-rider bouncing his car up and down via hydraulics, then blood splashes across the radiator grille.
ERIC pats MICHAEL on the shoulder.

ERIC

You guys have a good time inside.

GEORGE turns his nose up in the air as he and MICHAEL go inside; ERIC turns to face the street and we see a low-rider still bouncing up and down on the pavement.

ERIC

Hey Jason, you okay?

CUT TO

91. INT. CLUB LINGERIE: Typical new wave club scene; assorted couples and singles dance wildly to the music; MICHAEL and GEORGE stand near the end of the bar, amazed at all the weird-looking people; two D.J.s point to GEORGE and MICHAEL and laugh themselves silly;
as GEORGE and MICHAEL make a slow cruise of the bar and all the girls seated there, we go to CAMERA P.O.V. MOVING; all the girls seem genuinely interested in GEORGE and MICHAEL as evidenced by winks, raised glasses and licked lips; GEORGE and MICHAEL find a table and sit down, GEORGE looking about excitedly.

GEORGE (EAGER)

Pretty girls, pretty girls!

MICHAEL (CONFIDENT)

Be cool, just like this...be cool.

MICHAEL leans back in his chair and snaps his fingers to the music; GEORGE relaxes and imitates his brother.

They gaze at various girls on the dance floor and GEORGE points to a redhead.

GEORGE

That one?

MICHAEL

Naw!

We PAN LEFT toward the bar where two girls, PEGGY and JOANNE, are looking at GEORGE and MICHAEL; they nervously nudge each other into making the first move; finally, PEGGY shoves JOANNE off her stool and they both approach the brothers' table; MICHAEL notices them coming over and primps his toupee while GEORGE straightens his tie; the two girls pause beside their table.

PEGGY

Buy us a drink?

MICHAEL

Sure!

The girls sit down.

JOANNE

We haven't seen you two before. You from around here?

MICHAEL

Yeah, we're from around here. It's just that our restaurant keeps us pretty busy.

PEGGY (DISAPPOINTED)

Oh...we thought you might be from a band.

MICHAEL (HASTILY)

Oh, we are, we are! The cafe just keeps us busy till our L.P. comes out.

JOANNE

What's it called?

MICHAEL

Blood Hunger, by the Sons of Ishtar.

GEORGE nods excitedly.

GEORGE

ISHTAR! ISHTAR!

MICHAEL leans seductively toward PEGGY, who keeps trying to adjust her bra so that one breast won't appear to hang lower than the other.

MICHAEL

This dive is a crashing bore. How would you two like to come over to our place for an Egyptian feast?

PEGGY

Is that something special?

MICHAEL

Special?! It hasn't been served in five...thousand...and...twenty...years.

ZOOM IN to C.U. of MICHAEL's staring eyes, then CUT TO

92. INT, CHIEF MILLER'S OFFICE, NIGHT, and a C.U. of a fist slamming down on a desk; the fist opens up and a load of pennies spill out on the desk as

we PULL BACK to take in MILLER seated at his desk with SHEPARD and SHEBA seated in chairs beside the desk.

MILLER (ANGRY DISBELIEF)

Vegetarians?! You mean all the victims were vegetarians?

SHEBA (NODDING)

According to the autopsy, the coroner found undigested bits of soybeans, carrots and celery in all cases...except for one girl who had something that might be cat meat.

MILLER

Brother, how weird can this thing get?

SHEPARD

We got a make on that machine gun. It's the same one reported stolen from the gangster museum on Third.

MILLER

Good work, Shepard.

The chief begins feeding the pennies into a mechanical skull bank that gobbles up the coins one-by-one.

MILLER (CONT)

In the meantime, you two make a check of all the health food joints in town, see if any weird characters have been hangin' about...particularly that biker group, the Cannibals.

SHEPARD

You know, Chief, maybe it's not them at all. Maybe some hamburger franchise owner went berserk...

SHEBA gives an "oh brother" look.

SHEPARD (CONT.)

...health food is pretty popular so
suppose that the combined pressures
of society-

MILLER (INTERRUPTS ANGRILY)

Are you telling me that some nut at
Beefy King is...

He feigns a punch in SHEPARD's direction and the
latter gets up hastily.

SHEPARD

Okay, we got ya, Chief, see ya later.
We're off. Come on, Sheba.

SHEBA gets up and the two of them rush out the
door as MILLER shakes his head and picks up a
penny.

MILLER

Beefy King killers!

CUT TO

93. C.U. of the skull gobbling up the coin, then
DISSOLVE TO

94. EXT. MILLER'S OFFICE, NIGHT: FULL VIEW of SHEBA
and SHEPARD as he hands her a sheet of paper.

SHEPARD

Here's a list of all the health eateries
between here and Sixth. I'll check some
out on the north side, then you and I can
meet at Mr. Vegie's about midnight for a
little...(makes suggestive biting gestures)
...bite.

SHEBA flips the sheet of paper at his face.

SHEBA

Fool!

She turns and walks away; SHEPARD watches the sway of her behind and makes an approving clicking sound in his mouth as we DISSOLVE TO

95. EXT, FRONT OF SESMAR CAFE, NIGHT: We can see that all the blinds are drawn as we WIPE TO
96. INT, SESMAR CAFE, MICHAEL and PEGGY making out heavily in a booth; he slips his hand under her sweater; seated at a table near them, GEORGE watches them stupidly while JOANNE watches them enviously, then MICHAEL pauses for a breather.

MICHAEL

say, Georgie, why don't you show Joanne the back room while Peggy and I have a little--uh--chat. (he winks at PEGGY)

GEORGE grunts and takes JOANNE by the hand as she waves so long to PEGGY; MICHAEL gives PEGGY a sloppy kiss then breaks off.

MICHAEL (SEXILY)

I've got an idea.

He gets up and goes behind the counter.

PEGGY (GIGGLES)

A dirty idea?

He pulls out a bowl with a wooden spoon in it and places it on the counter, then smiles at her.

PEGGY

The Egyptian feast?

MICHAEL reaches beneath the counter and switches on the deep fryer; he begins to stir the contents of the bowl and motions PEGGY to join him, wagging a finger at her; she gets up and moves over to the front of the counter.

PEGGY

Come on, Michael...tell me.

MICHAEL lifts the spoon out of the bowl so we can see it's dripping batter.

MICHAEL

Ever hear of battered girlfriends?

MICHAEL lifts up her hand, covers her finger with batter, then sexily sucks it clean.

PEGGY (EAGER)

Ooooh!

We travel in for a C.U. of the deep fryer, starting to bubble fiercely, then CUT TO

97. INT, BACK ROOM, C.U. of ISHTAR; from here, we PULL BACK to take in GEORGE and JOANNE standing before ISHTAR and admiring the body.

JOANNE

Certainly is an unusual piece. It almost looks real, as if...

She reaches out to touch it; GEORGE grabs her arm and spins her around to face him.

JOANNE (SEXY SMILE)

That's more like it, Samson. How's about a little kiss?

GEORGE shyly turns his head away and JOANNE turns it back to face her.

JOANNE

Come on...

GEORGE gives her a peck on the cheek.

JOANNE

Now, how about a real one...with the tongue?

GEORGE sticks out his big green tongue and holds her tight as we CUT TO

98. INT, CAFE: PEGGY is stripped down to her bra and panties as MICHAEL lifts her up and lays her down on the counter; picking up the spoon, he begins to spread batter on parts of her body.

MICHAEL

Just a little bit here...

PEGGY giggles; MICHAEL smooths batter over her stomach.

MICHAEL

...and a little bit there.

He smears batter over her cleavage.

PEGGY

God, I must look a mess.

MICHAEL

On the contrary, you look good enough to eat.

From MICHAEL'S POV we DISSOLVE to a big chicken leg lying on the counter, then DISSOLVE back to PEGGY.

PEGGY

Hey, don't stop now.

MICHAEL

Oh no, there's one spot left I've just got to get.

PEGGY (CLOSES HER EYES)

Oooh, I can't wait to find out!

MICHAEL twirls her around so that her upper torso and her legs dangle over opposite sides of the counter and we CUT TO

99. C.U., DOWN-ANGLE on PEGGY's upward-turned face.

PEGGY

Michael, something's uncomfortably hot over here.

She opens her eyes and cranes her head back to see the deep fryer bubbling at full force; PEGGY screams as MICHAEL pushes her in head first and we CUT TO

100. ANGLE on the opposite side of the counter and PEGGY's legs kicking wildly, then WIPE TO

101. INT, BACK ROOM: JOANNE, still clothed, lies on top of GEORGE on the floor at the base of the altar; she suddenly rises up quickly.

JOANNE

Something's wrong...

GEORGE pulls her back down.

GEORGE

She's okay.

JOANNE

No, Peggy's in trouble.

JOANNE breaks away and leaves him as we CUT TO

102. INT, CAFE: JOANNE enters from the back room to see MICHAEL disembowelling PEGGY as her head is still french-frying, but MICHAEL doesn't notice JOANNE. We TRACK with her and just ahead of her as she backs up slowly into the back room again, then turns toward the altar and doesn't see GEORGE there.

JOANNE (LOUD WHISPER)

George...George, help me, your brother's gone-

FUAD (V.O. INTERRUPTING)

He's right behind you, my dear.

JOANNE turns around quickly to find GEORGE standing there; he brings his machete down with a flash into the top of her skull and we CUT TO

103. FULL VIEW of the machete severing her body to the crotch until she's neatly cut in two lengthwise pieces that fall in opposite directions.

DISSOLVE TO

104. EXT, BACK OF CAFE, NIGHT: The two rear doors on a van open up and MICHAEL heaves to bloody garbage bags into the van.

MICHAEL

Come on, Georgie, help me dump these leftovers.

The rear doors slam shut again; suddenly we hear a squeal of brakes and crunch of metal on metal

as we CUT TO

105. EXT. STREET, NIGHT, in front of MR. VEGIE's: C.U. of blue front bumper up against the crunched rear end of a red car; CUT TO

106. FULL VIEW of MARK SHEPARD getting out of the blue car; we TRACK with him as he walks back to look at the damage and shrugs his shoulders; we continue TRACKING with him as he walks into MR. VEGIE's, then CUT TO

107. INT. MR. VEGIE's: SHEBA sits near the register, drinking a cup of tea; behind the register is STAN the proprietor; on a stool next to SHEBA is LITTLE LEE, a person of 4' 3" who is talking to SHEBA.

LITTLE LEE

No, I didn't see that one...how about "Cleopatra Jones"?

SHEPARD has arrived and SHEBA turns and notices him.

SHEBA

Nice job of parking.

SHEPARD

Find anything?

SHEBA

Not a clue.

STAN

So what is this, a dragnet or something?

SHEPARD

We're looking for a couple of psychos who like to pick on vegetarians. Any of your customers fit that description?

STAN

Customers? You need glasses? Officer,
I'd be glad to serve Jack the Ripper
as long as he paid the check.

LITTLE LEE (INDIGNANT)

Hey, what about me?

STAN

You get handicapped rates, you don't count.

SHEBA chuckles.

SHEPARD

Well, if you see anybody suspicious...

STAN (INTERRUPTS)

Mister, unless all the cockroaches in
Los Angeles start eating at the place
around the corner I don't think I'll
see anything but the mortgage going up
in smoke.

SHEPARD fires a puzzled glance at SHEBA.

SHEBA

The Sesmar Cafe. I checked it out,
it was closed.

STAN

If God loves me it should stay that way.

LITTLE LEE

The place is packed all the time. It's
their seasoning, makes everything taste
real good...but they keep it a tight secret.

STAN holds a spatula in a threatening position.

STAN

Why...you pintsized Benedict Arnold!

LEE jumps off his stool and hides behind SHEBA.

SHEPARD (TO LEE)

You think they get any bikers there?

LITTLE LEE pokes his head out from behind SHEBA.

LITTLE LEE

If you mean the Cannibals, I don't think so. They run their own co-op now and do their own cookin'.

STAN

They should cook up the Sesmar boys, they look like a couple of vegetables.

SHEPARD hands STAN a card.

SHEPARD

Well, keep your eyes peeled and give us a call if anybody or anything weird pops up.

LITTLE LEE

He'll probably serve it first.

SHEPARD

Come on, Jackson, I've got an idea.

SHEBA (SUBTLE SARCASM)

Will wonders never cease?

As she gets up to follow SHEPARD, LITTLE LEE suddenly tugs at her coat-tail.

LITTLE LEE

If you're not busy later, maybe we can meet at the Hobart Club and boogie down. I'll wear my platforms.

SHEBA (WINKS AT HIM)

Don't bother, honey. For you, I'll get down and boogie on my knees.

LITTLE LEE wolf-whistles as SHEBA and SHEPARD exit.

STAN

Hey Valentino, come over here and finish
your wheat germ...it'll put inches on you.

LEE scoots up to the counter.

LEE

I thought I was a traitor.

STAN

Aww, it's okay. But if you go to the
Sesmars' again, do me a favor and steal
their cookbook.

LEE

That's not a bad idea, Stan. Competitive
businesses are always spying on each other.

STAN rubs his chin in deep thought.

STAN

Yeah...I'd give my right arm for that
secret recipe.

DISSOLVE TO

108. EXT, STREET, NIGHT: C.U. of BAG LADY screaming,
then CUT TO
109. C.U. of dismembered arm hanging out of overturned
trashcan, then we pull away quick to see the BAG
LADY hightailing it down the street with her cart;
CUT TO
110. EXTREME C.U. of the hand revealing an Egyptian
scarab imbedded in the palm, then CUT TO
111. Spinning matte of newspaper headlines:

MORE BODY PARTS FOUND

DISSOLVE TO

112. INT, SESMAR CAFE, DAY: C.U. of bloody chunks of flesh being dumped into a food processor; the puree button is switched on till the contents are a smooth liquid mess of ick! The processor is turned off, then we PULL BACK to a wider angle of the cafe and GEORGE, who sticks his finger in the puree, tastes it, smiles approvingly, then takes the contents into the back room; we TRACK along behind him as he enters the back room and approaches MICHAEL, who is stirring a large cauldron near the altar of ISHTAR.

FUAD

Is the Puree of Maiden Stomach ready?

GEORGE pours the contents of the processor into the cauldron.

MICHAEL

Just poured it in, Uncle Fuad.

MICHAEL continues to stir while GEORGE sits next to FUAD's brain and plays with the snake.

FUAD

Excellent! Simmer the sacred recipe gently until the final ingredients can be obtained. Within the next forty-eight hours the Moon will align with Jupiter, and Ishtar shall take her earthly body for the vengeance which is both hers and mine.

MICHAEL wipes his hands clean with a blood-stained towel.

MICHAEL

Stop foolin' around, George, we got to open up the shop.

MICHAEL exits; GEORGE puts down the snake, goes over to the cauldron and takes a small spoonful of the gruesome mixture; taking care not to spill a drop, he carries it over to FUAD's brain, lifts the lid off the jar and dumps in the spoonful, then pats the jar and exits.

FUAD

Ahhh...such a regal flavor..has not been duplicated for five...thousand...and..

JUMP CUT TO

113. INT, LECTURE HALL, DAY, SHEBA and SHEPARD sitting on metal folding chairs with several students.

SHEBA

Fifteen more minutes, my ass! (A BEAT)
We've been fuckin' around here for half an hour waitin' for some jive-ass pharaoh lecture to start and you still haven't told me the point of it.

SHEPARD

Just hang loose with me, I'm playing out a hunch.

SHEBA

Listen, Shepard, I want to crack this case and crack it bad, so you better open up cause I don't have all day to sit here and smell that jack-shit cologne you're wearin'.

SHEPARD

Okay, okay...what's worse than your average maniac?

SHEBA (EXASPERATED)

I give up...and best be no joke.

SHEPARD

A religious maniac. I've been thinking that these murders have been too precise and sudden for the typical modus operandi of senseless blood lust.

SHEBA is listening now.

SHEPARD (CONT)

And when we found that Egyptian artifact in that girl's palm...I knew.

FORRY (O.S.)

AHEM!

CUT TO

114. FULL VIEW of FORRY, an elderly man in a business suit, standing behind a podium and reading from prepared notes.

FORRY

Our mutual interest in Egyptology brings us to the ancient cult of the goddess Ishtar, who was worshipped by early Assyrians more than five thousand and twenty years ago. The reverence of Ishtar--or the Mother of the Veiled Darkness, as she was sometimes called--was one of the most bloodthirsty religions ever known. Though she was prayed to as the goddess of love and beauty, much like the Roman deity Aphrodite, hers was an evil love that thrived on violence and the belief of supernatural power.

CUT TO

115. SHEPARD and SHEBA: He's taking notes while she leans back in her chair, still unconvinced, then we CUT BACK TO
116. CLOSER VIEW of FORRY at the podium.

FORRY (CONT)

FORRY (CONT)

Now, the Festival of Ishtar was celebrated in early Spring, when life was given back to the land from the swollen banks of the Nile River. The Temple of Ishtar stood high on a hill overlooking the city of ANTIOCH. The goddess was offered the services of twenty beautiful virgins.

CUT TO

117. SHEPARD and SHEBA: She leans over to whisper to him.

SHEBA

So much for it happenin' here.

SHEPARD ignores her and keeps taking notes; she just watches him with a bored expression.

FORRY (O.S. CONT)

But, if the Moon was aligned with Jupiter, the high priest would gather for Ishtar several women of debauchery and loose character along with only one pure maiden so that the goddess could be endowed with powers of astonishing evil.

SHEPARD (TO SHEBA)

Check your horoscope.

CUT TO

118. SEMI-PROFILE of FORRY as he gestures toward students.

FORRY (CONT)

On the eve of the Feast of Ishtar, all the women save the chosen virgin would mingle round the base of the temple and initiate a reign of lust which overtook the city for several days. On the final day of the orgy, the citizens would gather for the great feast, the Blood Feast that would resurrect the Goddess to the people.

DISSOLVE TO

119. Footage from original BLOOD FEAST, depicting the altar scene in SEPIA TONE; we see the priest come in with a snake.

FORRY (V.O.)

The young priestesses would then be taken to the Altar of Ishtar and there were slaughtered in the most gruesome and abominable ways imaginable. Then certain organs and limbs were removed carefully and served to the people as sacred gourmet treats. As the last ghastly morsels were gobbled up...

We see the priest prepare to kill a girl on altar.

FORRY (V.O. CONT)

...the High Priestess would arise from the tomb, a living flesh and blood incarnation of Ishtar.

We see the priest kill the girl.

FORRY (V.O. CONT)

Also, on the special occasion of Jupiter being aligned with the Moon, a girl of purity would be brought up so that Ishtar could rip out the virgin's bowels and herself partake of the feast to increase her unholy powers.

The priest plays with the girl's organs as we
DISSOLVE TO

120. INT, LECTURE HALL, DAY: SHEPARD, SHEBA and the rest of the students all look as if they're about to barf then we PAN to FORRY at the podium.

FORRY

This practice of the Blood Feast existed for more than four hundred years until it was finally abolished by Amon Hatut the Second, of the Fifteenth Dynasty.

we PAN BACK to the students and the now-empty chairs of SHEPARD and SHEBA, then CUT TO

121. C.U. of FORRY, leaning over the podium very dramatically.

FORRY (CONT)

But it is rumored that even in the modern decency of today's society there may still be followers of this gruesome goddess.

DISSOLVE TO

122. INT, SESMAR CAFE, DAY, on the cash register ringing up NO SALE; suddenly MICHAEL pops up from behind the register.

MICHAEL

Peek-a-bool! No charge for you.

We PULL BACK to a wider angle to take in CONNIE standing behind the register, clutching her school books.

CONNIE

Michael, you make me feel so guilty. I can't let you treat me to all this marvelous food and not give you anything to show for it.

MICHAEL

You can do something for me. It would mean a great deal if you could go out with me tomorrow night. My brother is entering the amateur wrestling contest against Little Jimmy Hitler and then afterwards, I thought you and I could come back here for a little...Egyptian feast.

CONNIE stands there fidgeting.

CONNIE

CONNIE

Gee, Michael...I'd like to, but I have all this homework and I...don't think my dad..

We ZOOM IN to a C.U. of MICHAEL staring madly, then PULL BACK QUICK to CONNIE staring trancelike at him.

CONNIE

Yes. I'd love to go.

Offscreen, we hear a patron pounding on the counter.

PATRON (O.S.)

Hey, I want a doggie bag for this!

CONNIE snaps out of her trance.

MICHAEL

George, help this fuc--customer out.
(THEN, TO CONNIE) So, tomorrow at, say..eight?

CONNIE (STILL DAZED)

Okay, I'll meet you here.

As she walks off, still looking dazed and amazed, MICHAEL smiles after her, satisfied, and we CUT TO

123. GEORGE handing the patron a doggie bag. Seated next to him is VITAMIN; VITAMIN looks quizically at the patron, whose back is to the camera.

PATRON

Thanks a lot.

The patron turns around and makes a swift exit, but not fast enough for us to miss that he is really STAN in a cheap disguise; the ruse dawns on VITAMIN, who gets MICHAEL's attention.

VITAMIN

Hey, you know who that was? That's Stan Caidin...he runs the Mr. Vegie's dump around the corner.

MICHAEL

Really? Then we will have to return the compliment and pay him a visit real soon, won't we, Georgie?

GEORGE chuckles as he sharpens two knives together, then we DISSOLVE TO

124. INT, SESMAR BACK ROOM, NIGHT, C.U. OF a telephone being dialed, then TILT UP to MICHAEL as he finishes dialing, his face bathed in an eerie pulsing red light; we hear the phone ringing on the other end as MICHAEL moves the receiver in front of FUAD's jar so that the brain can converse; we see GEORGE playing with a box of colored lights.

FUAD

May I speak to Trudy Sanders, please?
(A FEW BEATS) Oh, I see. This is quite urgent, would you tell me where I might locate her? (TWO BEATS) Nature hikingat Bronson Caves...with her boyfriend Tony?

During the line "at Bronson Caves" we PULL BACK and TILT UP to include MICHAEL who, at the end of FUAD's dialog, struggles to stifle a chuckle.

FUAD

Shhh! No, I know where it is. Thank you...very...much.

MICHAEL puts the receiver back on the hook, then covers up FUAD's brain and takes GEORGE aside.

MICHAEL

MICHAEL

Time is short so we'll split up tonight.
You take the van to the caves...I'll take
a cab to the clubs...

CUT TO

125. EXT, BRONSON CAVES, NIGHT.

MICHAEL (V.O. CONT)

...and be back by midnight. We have lots
of work to do.

CUT TO

126. INT, BRONSON CAVES, NIGHT: TONY and TRUDY, the
rockabilly couple, lay on a blanket making out,
then TRUDY pushes him away.

TRUDY

Tony, shouldn't we be going? It's getting
late.

TONY (REAL SLIMY)

Relax, baby, it's all right, you're in
good hands...besides, this is where it
starts getting good.

He nibbles on her shoulders.

TRUDY

I know, but...I feel funny, all those
weirdoes around butchering vegetarians...

TONY continues to paw at her.

TRUDY (CONT)

...and this place...(LOOKS AROUND)...it
could be full of insects or strange animals.

TONY

Hey sugar, I'm here. I'm not going to let
anyone hurt you.

CUT TO

127. C.U. of a porcupine's head, then CUT TO

128. TONY, pulling TRUDY close to him.

TONY (CONT)

Besides, the only animal you got to worry about chomping on your sweet meat is me.

TRUDY (CRACKS GUM & GIGGLES)

Oh, Tony...

TONY rolls her over into a passive position.

TONY

Now, prove to me you love me.

TRUDY wraps her legs around him hard and they dry-hump furiously, then CUT TO

129. C.U. of porcupine head moving closer to them, then CUT TO

130. C.U. of TRUDY and TONY, kissing each other very hard and sloppily; we PULL BACK to a full view of the couple as the porcupine head enters the frame, drawing nearer to them, then CUT TO

131. MEDIUM VIEW of TRUDY cracking her gum as TONY gives her a neck hickey, then CUT TO

132. C.U. of the porcupine coming to a halt, then moving upward at a high angle; we PULL BACK to reveal GEORGE holding the stuffed porcupine above the couple; TRUDY opens her eyes and screams.

TRUDY

TONY!!

GEORGE grabs TONY by the collar with his free hand

and slams the boy's head against the cave wall, knocking him unconscious; as TONY slumps to the ground, GEORGE drools and turns to TRUDY and we see her backing up against the cave wall.

TRUDY

No...no...NOT THAT!

GEORGE raises the porcupine; TRUDY kicks him in the balls and he doesn't flinch.

TRUDY

Ohhh..shit!

GEORGE hits her repeatedly on the face and head with the porcupine; TRUDY tries to shield her bloody face from the oncoming blows; GEORGE strikes again and again until her screams stop, then he drops the porcupine and pulls out a machete as we CUT TO

133. C.U. on the porcupine, its quills drenched in blood, then DISSOLVE TO
134. INT, LINGERIE CLUB, NIGHT: C.U. on a tongue being drawn slowly across a pair of red female lips, then CUT TO
135. FULL VIEW of MICHAEL: He snaps his fingers, acting very cool, and makes his way to the bar and BABS, whose tongue has just given him the signal; he looks her over and whispers something in her ear; BABS raises her eyebrows and whispers a reply that makes MICHAEL raise his eyebrows as we DISSOLVE TO
136. EXT, BRONSON CAVES, NIGHT: GEORGE loads the remains of TRUDY into the van; we follow him as he moves to the driver's side and gets into the van, setting

the porcupine on the passenger seat as he settles down behind the steering wheel.

GEORGE

Come on, Porky.

CUT TO

137. EXT, FULL VIEW of the van as GEORGE starts it and accidentally shifts it into reverse, speedily ploughing it into a motorcycle parked nearby; as the bike topples over, a biker and his girlfriend suddenly pop out of the bushes.

BIKER

Jesus Christ, my bike!

GEORGE reshifts the van and takes off in drive; the BIKER rights his overturned bike and jump-starts it into pursuit, leaving his girlfriend behind to get her sweater back on; we PULL IN on her as she's doing this then CUT TO

138. EXT, MOUNTAIN ROAD, NIGHT: GEORGE hauls ass down the road, then looks into his rearview mirror and sees the angered BIKER coming up behind him; he speeds up and barrells around a tight curve in the road;

The BIKER loses a little gain but takes the curve well; GEORGE gets nervous and puts his foot to it some more; the BIKER pushes his machine as well; the wind whips his long hair, his eyes flash; he screams like a demon full of hell.

GEORGE bounces his van badly across several dips in the road; the BIKER flies across the dips barely touching their crests; GEORGE looks behind him then to the road ahead.

A car comes through an intersection; the BIKER almost hits it and takes to the shoulder of the road at a precariously sharp lean which could spill him but doesn't.

GEORGE's van takes the lead; GEORGE bounces behind the wheel excitedly, whooping it up; the BIKER, now further behind, tries to catch up.

BIKER

MOTHERFUCKER!

The BIKER pulls out a gun and fires; one of GEORGE's back windows blows out; GEORGE looks nervously behind him;

The BIKER laughs and fires another shot, and we CUT TO

139. MEDIUM LONG SHOT of a DEAD END road sign that accelerates into C.U. view, then CUT TO
140. GEORGE, stomping on the brakes and sharply wrenching the wheels to the left, squealing into a 180 degree turn then into a dead stop, facing the oncoming biker; CUT TO
141. C.U. of the BIKER: His eyes widen as he sees he is going too fast, headed for a collision with the van; CUT TO
142. FRONT VIEW of the van, GEORGE leans maniacally out of the window, machete in hand, then CUT TO
143. BIKER's P.O.V. as GEORGE throws the machete into his front wheel, then CUT TO
144. FULL VIEW of the BIKE overturning into the grille of the van, throwing the BIKER off, then we PULL BACK

to a FULL VIEW of the BIKER sailing through the air, over the van, then CUT TO

145. BIKER's TRAVELLING P.O.V. of a residential spiked iron fence, then CUT TO

146. FULL VIEW, GEORGE getting slowly out of the van; he looks up and laughs.

GEORGE

Hey Porky! We did it, Porky!

CUT TO

147. CLOSE VIEW, the BIKER impaled on the spiked fence; we see blood oozing through the emblem on the back of his jacket; his colors read THE CANNIBALS

CUT TO

148. LONG SHOT, GEORGE getting into the van and driving away calmly as we do a VERTICAL WIPE TO

149. INT, SESMAR CAFE, NIGHT: C.U. on lines of coke being sucked up through a straw; we PULL BACK to take in BABS and MICHAEL as BABS reacts from the heavy snort and MICHAEL watches her with great amusement.

MICHAEL (JOKINGLY)

You know, that's not very healthy.

BABS takes another snort.

BABS (SMILING)

I know.

MICHAEL nuzzles up to her.

MICHAEL

MICHAEL

I mean it, that stuff could kill you.

BABS

So can sex...if your heart is weak.

BABS returns MICHAEL's nuzzle; she puts her hand underneath his shirt and feels his chest.

BABS (CONT)

How about it, Mikey? Do you have a strong heart?

MICHAEL takes her hand out from under his shirt and holds it.

MICHAEL

Oh...my heart is plenty strong.

BABS takes a deep inhalation of air and reels from the cocaine rush.

BABS

Whee...oooh! That's nice.

She accidentally knocks over a bottle of vegesauce onto the floor and we CUT TO

150. C.U. of the broken bottle of reddish condiments, then CUT TO

151. FULL VIEW of BABS and MICHAEL as MICHAEL gets up.

BABS

I'm sorry. Here, I'll get it.

MICHAEL

Relax. I have something in the back room that's perfect for a mess such as this. So have a couple more snorts and when I come back you'll get a big surprise.

BABS stretches her palms several inches apart.

BABS

A big surprise?

MICHAEL opens the door to the back room, pausing to look back at her.

MICHAEL

Oh...much bigger than that.

DISSOLVE TO

152. EXT, BRONSON CAVES, NIGHT: The red flashing lights of a police car in the background intensifies the eeriness of the caves; SHEBA sits in the squad car handling the radio calls--we can't hear what she's saying; in the foreground, CHIEF MILLER is being clutched at by TONY, crying wildly in a state of panic and remorse; SHEPARD scratches his head with his gun, dazed at the brutal carnage--two orderlies pass by him carrying one of TRUDY's dismembered hands on a stretcher; a second later, two more orderlies pass him with a stretcher bearing one of her legs; SHEPARD watches this and scratches his chin with his gun.

TONY (SOBBING WILDLY)

It's all my fault! She wanted to leave!
She was scared!

MILLER

Easy, Tony, easy.

TONY (SOBBING HYSTERICALLY)

But I made her stay cause I was horny...
and now she's dead!

SHEPARD

SHEPARD

Can you remember anything, Tony?
Anything at all? Who knocked you out?

The orderlies pass before SHEPARD with various body parts on the stretchers; TONY goes totally hysterical and tries to free himself from MILLER's grip to follow the orderlies.

TONY (FRANTIC SOBBING)

Trudy...oh my god...TRUDY! I'm sorry...
I'm sorry, Trudy...

SHEPARD hits TONY lightly on the chin with his gun.

SHEPARD

Snap out of it, man! Who killed your girl?

TONY

I don't know. It was so dark...he grabbed me so quick...then everything went black. I can't remember...I can't remember, I can't remember!

TONY crumbles fully into hysteria. MILLER stops two of the orderlies who have returned to refill their stretcher.

MILLER

Gentlemen, take this boy to the hospital.

The orderlies lay TONY on the bloody stretcher and haul him away; the other two orderlies come back for refills and SHEPARD stops them with his gun, which he continues to use as a pointer (ala PLAN 9 FROM OUTER SPACE).

SHEPARD

You guys missed some over there.

MILLER

What kind of creature would do a thing like this, Mark?

SHEBA approaches them from behind.

SHEPARD

Deranged maniacs, Chief...perverts with sick sick minds.

SHEBA

This is starting to form a definite pattern in relation to an old case. We think it's the work of a cult.

MILLER

A cult?!!?

SHEPARD continues to gesture with his gun.

SHEPARD

That's right, Chief, Sheba and I-

SHEBA (INTERRUPTS)

Don't point that thing at me, fool!

SHEPARD

Well, we've been doing some research on the cults of Egypt and-

MILLER (INTERRUPTS)

Cults of Egypt...Jesus Fucking Christ, What am I paying you for? What about that biker group, the Cannibals?

SHEBA

I don't think so. A patrol car down the road found one of their members spiked to a fence.

MILLER

And what happened to the vegetarian angle?

SHEBA

We've halted that temporarily because-

MILLER (INTERRUPTS)

Halted it? On whose orders?

SHEPARD

It's just that we've been looking into past files and this case bears a strong resemblance to one that happened to a former squad member twenty years ago.

SHEBA

That's right. His name is Pete Thornton. We were going to see him when we-

MILLER (INTERRUPTS)

You two aren't going to see anyone but the unemployment examiner if you don't follow my orders. Twenty years ago is old business...now, I want both of you to resume the health food angle pronto. Got me?

MILLER leaves in exasperation, almost tripping over the two remaining orderlies as they kneel beside their stretcher and collect more body parts.

SHEBA

Thanks a lot, Shepard...a week with you and I'm already in the shit hole.

SHEPARD

He'll get over it. But, to be on the safe side, you continue to get whatever you can from any health food freaks and I'll go question this Pete Thornton. (HE SCRATCHES HIS TEMPLE WITH HIS GUN) These grisly murders can't go on much longer.

DISSOLVE TO

153. INT, SESMAR CAFE, NIGHT: BABS speedily staggers over

to the door of the back room.

BABS

Michael...what in hell is keeping you?

CUT TO

154. INT, BACK ROOM, NIGHT: We see BABS poke her head through the door.

BABS (SEXILY)

Oh...michael.

Cautiously, she enters the back room and we TRACK with her as she goes over to the cauldron and peers over to see the simmering blood feast; suddenly, she holds her nose as the stench hits her.

BABS

YECHH!!

She tiptoes over to the altar for a better look and we ZOOM IN for a close view of the body of ISHTAR.

BABS (O.S.)

Holy moly, it's Barbie of the Nile!

CUT TO

155. MEDIUM VIEW of BABS dipping a coke spoon into a small vial and taking a healthy snort.

BABS

Michael, where'd you get to?

She plops down onto the altar next to the covered jar of FUAD's brain and the impact of her sitting causes the jar to clink, which catches her attention; She bends over so that her face is close to the jar, then slowly raises the cover on the jar.

We move in to a C.U. of the cover being raised,
then CUT TO

156. C.U. of BABS screaming as she see's FUAD's brain
in the jar, then CUT TO
157. C.U. of FUAD's brain in the jar: BABS's screaming
startles FUAD from his rest; the brain seems to
jump a little then FUAD also screams in surprise.

FUAD

Michael, what's happening? Protect
the goddess. MICHAEL! WHAT'S GOING
ON?

CUT TO

158. FULL VIEW of MICHAEL emerging from a curtain at the
far end of the room; he holds a long plastic tube,
sharpened and pointed ahead;
BABS runs toward MICHAEL but her embrace for him
is cut short as he raises the tube between them,
aiming and pressing it firmly against her stomach;
He begins to back her slowly toward the other end
of the room, using pressure against her from the
tube.

BABS (REALLY SCARED)

Michael, what are you doing?

MICHAEL (STERNLY)

You have desecrated the Altar of Ishtar!

As he forces her backward, we can see that the tube
is connected to the hose end of an industrial vacuum
cleaner.

BABS

Ishtar?! What the hell are you talking about?

FUAD

Make her say the words!

MICHAEL continues to force her toward the far wall.

MICHAEL

You must pray for forgiveness.

BABS (SOBBING)

Michael, please!

MICHAEL

Repeat after me...Oh Ishtar, I give myself unto you.

BABS is close to the wall now.

BABS

Come on now, this isn't funny, please stop it!

MICHAEL and FUAD (UNISON)
(ANGRY) (REVERENT)

Oh Ishtar, I give myself unto you.

BABS is pressed against the back wall with no place to run.

MICHAEL

SAY IT!!

BABS (SOBBING)

Oh Ishtar, I give myself unto you.

FUAD

Ishtar, accept this humble sacrifice,
for tomorrow you shall live!

BABS screams as MICHAEL shoves the sharp tube deep into her abdomen and we ZOOM IN for a C.U. of the plastic tube filling with blood, then CUT TO

159. EXT, SESMAR CAFE, NIGHT: BABS's screams carry over into the street as GEORGE pulls up in the van and parks, then gets out carrying a bloody garbage bag and Porky the Porcupine; we PULL BACK to reveal STAN CAIDIN's car parked on the other side of the street, then CUT TO

160. INT, BACK ROOM, NIGHT: MICHAEL has switched the vacuum cleaner on and BABS turns ashen as the device suctions out gallons of her blood.

FUAD

Be sure to get every drop. This will be the flavor that will make the brew complete...the essence of life.

BABS becomes small and shrunken as her life essence is drained completely; GEORGE lumbers into the scene with the garbage bag; MICHAEL switches off the vacuum cleaner and extracts the tube from the girl's innards with a sickening pop, and we see a thin spray of blood slash across the photo of FUAD.

MICHAEL

Did you get the lungs and the liver?

GEORGE proudly displays the organs in his outstretched hands for MICHAEL to see.

GEORGE

They look good, Mikey.

MICHAEL

Okay, put them in the pot.

GEORGE does so.

MICHAEL

What now, Uncle Fuad?

FUAD

Let the sacred feast be cooled with the infidel's blood. Turn off the flame... then rest yourselves.

MICHAEL pushes the reverse switch on the vacuum cleaner which then spews gallons of blood into the cauldron; GEORGE slings the body of BABS over his shoulder.

FUAD (CONT)

Do not open up shop tomorrow, but be joyous and save your strength for the midnight hour when Jupiter aligns and and radiates its power to summon the goddess.

GEORGE & MICHAEL (UNISON)

ISHTAR!

CUT TO

161. EXT, SESMAR CAFE, SUNRISE: MICHAEL opens the front door and checks to see if the coast is clear; he whistles to GEORGE then hops into the front seat of the van; GEORGE dances out of the cafe with a garbage bag slung over his shoulder, the legs of BABS protruding from the top; GEORGE climbs into the back of the van with BABS and MICHAEL drives off. As they leave, we see STAN poke his head out of hiding from the back seat of his car; he hums a happy tune as he climbs out and walks over to the Sesmar cafe then CUT TO

162

SPINNING MATTE of newspapers comes to a halt, displaying the headline

LUNGS REMOVED! BLOOD DRAINED!

OMIT

162. INT, CLUB LINGERIE, DAY: On stage, a band practices and has their sound check for the night's forthcoming concert; GEORGE jumps up and down enthusiastically to their raw gritty sound while MICHAEL sits at a table with the two D.J.s HENRY and JOSEPH; HENRY casually reads a newspaper as MICHAEL pitches an idea to JOSEPH. The newspaper headline reads

LUNGS REMOVED! BLOOD DRAINED!

MICHAEL

So what do you think, Joseph?

JOSEPH

If you want to haul out a steaming cauldron and feed the crowd at your own expense, it's fine with me. You'll get promotional benefits and I'm sure the band would enjoy the added spectacle. (A BEAT) What's your feeling, Henry?

HENRY shrugs.

JOSEPH

Then it's all set.

MICHAEL

Great! We've got to go to a wrestling match first, so we'll be here around midnight or shortly thereafter.

MICHAEL and JOSEPH shake hands, then MICHAEL pries GEORGE loose from his dancing fever and they exit.

JOSEPH

What have we got in the way of drugs?

HENRY

A little coke...only thing left besides that is an experimental batch of something Jimmy Lee's been working on.

JOSEPH

Yeah...so what's it do?

HENRY

I don't know but it must be good. All Jimmy Lee could do was talk about this insatiable craving for raw meat.

SHEPARD

Fantastic! Pass some out when the crowd get's going. Let's make this night a real event.

HENRY

Party!

DISSOLVE TO

163. INT. THORNTON RESIDENCE, DAY: In a typically tacky suburban living room, SHEPARD lounges on a plastic-covered love seat, sitting opposite the elderly and demonstrative couple PETE and MRS. THORNTON.

SHEPARD

The uncanny brutality of both cases seems so similar I thought it best to find out more about your trial with...Fuad Ramses.

MRS. THORNTON shudders and PETE puts a hand on her arm.

PETE

Easy, babe. My wife is a bit squeamish on this subject. You see, just before we were

married--that was years ago--she was almost a victim of this demented fiend.

MRS. THORNTON

I still get the horrors when I think of what he did to my best friend.

PETE

Fuad Ramses was my toughest case because he believed he had a rightful purpose.

DISSOLVE TO

164. MONTAGE OF SCENES FROM BLOOD FEAST; we begin with an INT view of a room in which FUAD extracts the tongue from a female victim.

PETE (V.O.)

While I was on the trail of the gruesome murders my wife-to-be was studying Egyptology. Fuad Ramses was far more knowledgeable on both counts.

We next see an EXT beach scene in which FUAD kills Tony's girlfriend and removes her brain; he holds it lovingly while the snake crawls over the girl's spare parts.

PETE (V.O. CONT)

He believed in the worship of an ancient goddess, Ishtar, and that by removing certain body organs and serving them to unsuspecting party guests he could revive the bloodthirsty deity.

We next see the INT of Ramses Catering, wherein FUAD whips Mrs. Thornton's best friend into a bloody pulp and catches the blood that runs down her legs in a golden bowl.

PETE (V.O. CONT)

PETE (V.O. CONT)

He chose his victims from a club list that carried a book he wrote called "Ancient Weird Religious Rites". Unknowingly, my mother-in-law had hired Ramses to cater an Egyptian feast party. My wife was to be his last victim for Ishtar.

We next see a later view of Ramses Catering as Pete and his superior officer survey the bloody remains of the victims on the Altar of Ishtar.

PETE (V.O. CONT)

Running against the clock, we uncovered his hideout and pieced together the puzzle. I'll never forget that sight as long as I live.

The next scene is an EXT view of the garbage dump and the police chasing FUAD through the refuse.

PETE (V.O. CONT)

A second before he could commit his last horrible act he escaped and fled into the city dump.

We see FUAD hiding in the garbage truck, then the compactor comes down and crushes him to death.

PETE (V.O. CONT)

It was there that he met his fitting end, like the garbage that he was.

DISSOLVE TO

165. INT, THORNTON LIVING ROOM.

MRS. THORNTON

At least one good thing came out of it, though.

SHEPARD

What's that, Mrs. Thornton?

MRS. THORNTON

Pete and I got married right away, and now we have a beautiful daughter.

She hands SHEPARD a framed photo and we ZOOM IN to a C.U. of the photo---it's a picture of CONNIE. We PULL BACK as SHEPARD passes the photo back to MRS. THORNTON.

PETE

I hope I've been of some assistance to you, Detective. Whomever these killers are, they won't be working with Ramses.

SHEPARD

I'm not so sure, Mr. Thornton. You see..
..they've stolen Fuad's brain!

PETE and MRS. THORNTON react, clutching each other in horror as the CAMERA TILTS DOWN to CONNIE's picture on the table and we DISSOLVE TO

166. EXT, OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM, NIGHT: The crowds pour in for the big event, then the CAMERA TILTS UP to the marquee which reads

AMATEUR CHALLENGE AGAINST JIMMY HITLER

CUT TO

167. INT, OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM, NIGHT: The bell for the next event rings and we see MICHAEL sit down ringside beside the already-seated CONNIE; his arms are full of popcorn and cokes.

MICHAEL

Good, it's going to start. Yell real loud when George comes on.

CONNIE is dressed too nicely for the seedy surroundings; she seems nervous and all too aware of this.

We PAN away from MICHAEL and CONNIE to the center of the ring, where the referee commands attention.

REFEREE

And now, the match you've all been waiting for: A three-round challenge bout for one thousand dollars and an honorary heavy-weight title...between a brave member of tonight's audience and the Teutonic Terror of Deutchland, the One...the Only...Little Jimmy Hitler!

JIMMY HITLER comes into the ring and dances around the mat. He meets with a widely varied response of cheers and boos; he takes off his German helmet and hits himself on the head with it several times to demonstrate his fortitude as we CUT TO

168. MEDIUM VIEW of MICHAEL and CONNIE.

MICHAEL

BOOOO!!

CUT TO

169. FULL VIEW of the REFEREE.

REFEREE

Tonight's challenger, weighing in at 340 pounds, claims to be a direct descendant of the ancient pharoahs, and a mean-looking one he is. Ladies and gentlemen, let's hear it for the Monster of the Nile, the Killer from the Sphinx...Kung Fuad!

GEORGE flies over the ropes and into the ring; he wears an Egyptian headdress and his trunks have a picture of the Sphinx on the front; around his neck is his pet boa constrictor Isis. GEORGE coils the snake around the ropes and does a few warm-up karate kicks, a tumble across the mat, then a spring back

up on his feet, culminating with an insulting tongue-thrust aimed at JIMMY HITLER as we CUT TO

170. MICHAEL and CONNIE: MICHAEL is beside himself with enthusiasm.

MICHAEL

This is gonna be good. COME ON, GEORGE!
COME ON, KUNG FUAD! (HE JABS CONNIE'S
SIDE WITH HIS ELBOW) Yell, Connie, yell!

CONNIE (WEAKLY)

Yayyy!

From CONNIE, we PAN back to the ring as the bell rings and the match begins. JIMMY HITLER and GEORGE engage in a series of evenly-matched and spaced hugs, throws, falls and tackles.

As they fight, we CUT back and forth from them to CONNIE, who is definitely not at home with this sport---she jumps and twitches each time someone hits the mat.

MICHAEL becomes crazed with spirit---he shouts and screams obscenities and spits into the ring each time JIMMY HITLER gets near his seat.

For a time, JIMMY HITLER seems to be having the upper hand, continually getting GEORGE in a series of arm, head and leg-locks as fast as GEORGE can get out of them. MICHAEL pulls out a sling shot and shoots HITLER right in the ass, then HITLER releases GEORGE to grab at his smarting butt. This is just the edge that GEORGE needs---he delivers a series of flying kicks and throws.

HITLER becomes stunned at the flow and intensity

with which they come;
GEORGE backs off for a moment from the groggy
kraut, then he points a finger in the air.

GEORGE

LOOK UP!

When HITLER looks up, GEORGE charges in and butts
him hard in the belly with his head; HITLER is
thrown into the ropes; an angry old Black woman
hits HITLER on the head with a rubber chicken;
GEORGE does a little karate dance for the crowd
then goes back after the reviving HITLER; as GEORGE
leaps through the air, HITLER grabs his helmet and
whomps GEORGE on the head with it.
CONNIE screams and covers her eyes.
GEORGE shakes the confusion out of his head and
boils up with rage.

MICHAEL

GET HIM, KUNG FUAD! RIP HIS LUNGS OUT!

GEORGE tackles HITLER and pins him to the mat
alongside CONNIE and MICHAEL; HITLER screams as
GEORGE twists his leg violently.

CONNIE

Oh...Michael, I think I'm going to be
sick.

GEORGE straightens HITLER's leg in a taut grip and
raises it upward.

GEORGE

ISHTAR!

GEORGE clamps his jaws down deep into HITLER's
calf.

MICHAEL stands up in his seat and whoops it up victoriously.

GEORGE releases his chomps only to pull the wound further apart with his fingers and a thin stream of blood whips across CONNIE's face; she cups her hand over her mouth and takes off down the aisle, presumably to toss 'em up.

GEORGE jumps repeatedly upon the prostrate HITLER.

GEORGE

ISH-TAR! ISH--TAR! ISH---TAR!

Frenzied with bloodlust, the crowd jumps up and down in their seats to the rhythm of GEORGE's pouncing.

CROWD

ISH-TAR! ISH-TAR! ISH-TAR!

DISSOLVE TO

171. EXT, OLYMPIC AUDITORIUM, NIGHT: CONNIE, cleaned up save for some stains on her blouse, stands sobbing by the entrance as MICHAEL comes running up beside her.

MICHAEL

I'm sorry, Connie, I should have warned you...George gets carried away sometimes.

CONNIE .

Michael, take me home.

MICHAEL

I thought we'd go back to the cafe and celebrate.

CONNIE

I want to go home! Now!

MICHAEL

But the feast is all planned and waiting.

CONNIE

To hell with your goddamned feast!

CONNIE turns away from him and sobs.

MICHAEL

I guess I have no other choice.

CONNIE smiles weakly, dries her eyes and turns back to face MICHAEL, who gives her a solid punch on the jaw and knocks her unconscious, then we CUT TO

172. INT, SHEBA'S CAR, NIGHT: Parked on a corner next to a hamburger stand, SHEBA relaxes behind the wheel and unwraps what has got to be one of the sloppiest, drippiest, gooey-est double-decked burgers ever assembled.

SHEBA (MUTTERS TO HERSELF)

I knew I should've been a singer. Goddam morons got me chasing freaks in sprout houses, avocado parlors...shit! Pride, integrity and guts my ass!

She takes a large and loving bite of her burger.

SHEBA

Oooh daddy, is that good!

Her CB radio emits a loud static hiss, making her drop a bite out of her mouth.

SHEPARD (VIA RADIO)

Baker 77-9311, come in, over.
Baker 77-9311. Come in, Jackson, over.

SHEBA grabs her CB mike.

SHEBA

Baker 77-9311. This is Detective Jackson, over.

SHEPARD (RADIO)

Jackson, this is Sheppard. I've got good news for you.

SHEBA

You died and went to heaven.

SHEPARD (RADIO)

Very funny. I'm relieving you of the restaurant search. It seems that an informal survey committee made up of members of the Cannibals gang will be more than happy to take over the service.

SHEBA shoves another glob of burger in her mouth.

SHEBA (SARCASM)

Oh hell, I'm so sorry to hear that. I just love vegetarian food. Now what am I gonna do with myself?

SHEPARD (RADIO)

I'll tell you what you're gonna do. You're going to the Hall of Records first thing in the morning and see if you can find out if there are any surviving relatives of Fuad Ramses.

CUT TO

173. EXT of the street and SHEBA's car as the van driven by GEORGE and MICHAEL pulls up alongside her and waits for the light to change.

SHEBA (O.S.)

Shepard, you motherfucker! Miller said he'd barbeque my butt if I so much as mentioned pharaohs or blood cults, and I..

CUT TO

174. INT, SHEBA's CAR: Through her side window, we can see GEORGE making lewd facial expressions at SHEBA.

SHEPARD (RADIO)

Miller's not going to know anything,
tomorrow's your day off.

SHEBA

Thanks a fucking lot!

SHEPARD (RADIO)

Don't mention it. Now, write this down:
R--a--m--s--e--s, Ramses. You got that?

SHEBA writes the name down on a scrap of burger wrappings.

SHEBA

Yeah, yeah, I got it.

She adheres the sticky paper to her rearview mirror.

SHEPARD (RADIO)

If you find any cousins, nephews, daughters
or whatever, get their addresses...check to
see if they're still residing there and if
not, put a tracer on where they got to.

SHEBA notices GEORGE wagging his tongue at her; she
flips him off.

SHEPARD (RADIO)

Once that's done, do a rap search, maybe
someone's got a record.

SHEBA

Ya-vohl, mein herr!

GEORGE hangs a big moon out the passenger window at
SHEBA and she fires the remainder of her burger at
his butt, scoring a hit.

SHEPARD (RADIO)

Now, I know we've had a trying and disagreeable time on this first case but when it's finished I'd like the both of us to get to know each other better, maybe over dinner or something...

GEORGE tries to climb out the window, angry at SHEBA's rebuke; MICHAEL pulls him back by the collar and they drive off as the light turns green.

SHEPARD (RADIO)

I know that sounds like a big come-on, but I'll put my masculine ego aside and make a constructive effort to understand you, not only as a woman or a partner...

SHEBA watches the van pulling away and sees the words SESMAR CATERING emblazoned on the back door; she scratches her head and stares at the van for a moment, then at the piece of paper on her rearview mirror.

SHEPARD (RADIO)

...but as a stranger in a strange land, a member of an ethnic persuasion that is perhaps beyond my understanding. I assure you, though...

SHEBA grabs the paper and holds it at an angle to her mirror; Sesmar looks conspicuously like Ramses spelled backwards.

SHEPARD (RADIO)

...that I will set aside my cologne and my highly cultivated sensuality for an earnest effort to delve into that aloofness you seem to reserve...

SHEBA (TO HERSELF)

Ramses...Sesmar...Ramses.

SHEPARD (RADIO)

...for my company only. Is it because I'm white? Is it because, as a superior officer and a male, I seem-

SHEBA

Alright, Shepard, cut the bullshit, I'll play your hunch.

SHEPARD (RADIO)

What? You'll go out?

SHEBA

Meet me right away at the Sesmar Cafe. If that King Tut you want so badly is over there, the dinner's on me. Over and out.

CUT TO

175. EXT, STREET, SHEBA'S CAR PEELING OUT, then WIPE VERTICALLY to
176. INT, SESMARCAFE, NIGHT: We see MICHAEL opening the door for GEORGE, who has CONNIE slung over his shoulder, bound and gagged.

MICHAEL

Come on, Georgie, we haven't much time. The Moon will be in Jupiter's path within the hour.

We follow them into the back room, where GEORGE flops CONNIE down on a ceremonial table next to the Altar of Ishtar, then CUT TO

177. ISHTAR, CONNIE'S P.O.V.: The cadaverous goddess seems to stare down at her in anticipation; CONNIE lets out a muffled scream and vainly tries to break free of her bonds.

MICHAEL (ANGRY)

Cut that out, you ingrate!

MICHAEL pins her shoulders down to the table.

MICHAEL

You can't escape from Ishtar. We've saved you especially for her. When she awakes from her centuries sleep she'll be hungry.

GEORGE picks up a grappling hook attached to a long chain; he tightens the slack on it and w-swings it in a slow circle; CONNIE sees this and tries to scream again, to no avail; GEORGE lets go of the chain's slack so that the hook catches on a handle on the side of the cauldron.

MICHAEL

Nice shot.

MICHAEL picks up the book of ANCIENT WEIRD RELIGIOUS RITES.

MICHAEL

Get the hacksaw.

GEORGE grabs one hanging on the wall near the cauldron as MICHAEL reads from the book.

MICHAEL

Anankh Semantis, Toth, Osiris, Spirits of the dark powers in league with Jupiter, hear our sacred cries and bestow your aid in our appointed quest. Tonight we raise your sister from the grave. Tonight we invoke the resurrection of Ishtar.

GEORGE brandishes his hacksaw high in the air.

GEORGE

ISHTAR!

MICHAEL makes a holy sign in the air.

MICHAEL

Say the sacred words, Uncle Fuad.

MICHAEL waits for a reply.

MICHAEL

Say the words, Uncle Fuad...Uncle Fuad?

As MICHAEL turns toward the altar, we PAN with him to the foot of the altar and see that FUAD is gone.

MICHAEL

George, have you been playing with Uncle Fuad's jar?

GEORGE doesn't know what to say or do; he becomes flustered and tongue-tied; he looks this way and that; MICHAEL grabs him and shakes him.

MICHAEL

This is no time for your stupid jokes. Where'd you put him? Where's Uncle Fuad?

GEORGE

I didn't, I didn't! He here last night, I kiss his jar.

The squabble between them is broken by the sound of a loud creak and they turn toward the door that leads to the alley from the back room, which continues to creak open then stops; CONNIE moans and whimpers, trying to scream, and MICHAEL slaps her.

MICHAEL

Shut up!

We follow MICHAEL as he moves over to inspect the

lock on the back door.

MICHAEL

Son of a bitch! Someone's broken in here.
What're we going to do? Damn, damn, dammit!
What sort of doublecrosser would...

Suddenly, he slaps the side of his head.

MICHAEL

Caidin! That competitive little weasel!
It looks like we're going to pay Stan a
visit after all. (HE LOOKS AT HIS WATCH)
And not a minute too soon. George, check
to see if the front door is locked. I'll
pull the van around to the back, here, and
start loading everything we need. Now hop
to it, we've got to get Uncle Fuad back.

We follow GEORGE as he runs into the cafe area from
the back room, drops his hacksaw then picks it up.

SHEBA (O.S.)

Stop right there, Grisly!

CUT TO

178. FULL VIEW, SHEBA: She stands blocking the front
door in a classical riot squad position with both
arms outstretched, bracing and aiming her gun.

SHEBA (CONT)

Don't you know it's not nice to moon a
peace officer? Now, let's see those
hands in the air.

CUT TO

179. SIDE VIEW, BOTH OF THEM: GEORGE smiles and does
as he's told.

SHEBA

Now, move that lard-ass of yours real calm-
like and stop when I tell you to.

Slowly, GEORGE puts his left foot forward, bends at the knee, slowly springs up and puts his other foot forward in the same manner; the effect of this bouncy advancement seems both comical and menacing at the same time.

GEORGE (SING SONG)

Pretty black, little pretty pretty.
Pretty black, little pretty pretty.

SHEBA

All right, that's far enough.

GEORGE continues his song and dance.

GEORGE

Pretty black, little pretty pretty.
Pretty black, little pretty pretty.

SHEBA

Take one more step and I'll blow your
guts open!

The door behind SHEBA swings violently into her back, knocking her prostrate and her gun a foot in front of her; MICHAEL stands in the doorway.

MICHAEL

I told you not to mess with that cop.

GEORGE

She give finger!

Groggily, SHEBA inches her hand toward her gun.

MICHAEL

I'll give you more than the finger if you
don't stop goofin' off tonight!

GEORGE kicks the gun away from her hand.

MICHAEL steps hard on SHEBA's back, then kicks her in the ribs, rolling her over face-up; GEORGE drags her by the legs over to the counter, then hoists her up onto it so that her legs hang over one side and her back and head drape over the other, then CUT TO

180. SHEBA's P.O.V.: GEORGE wavers in and out of focus; he raises his hands, clenched in a double fist high over his head, and is about to bring them down.

MICHAEL

Stop! We don't have time for that now.
Let's lock up, load up and get Caidin.
Who knows, Ishtar may want a fresh snack in the morning.

GEORGE snarls in contempt then reluctantly lowers his arms; SHEBA blacks out as we DISSOLVE TO

181. INT, MR. VEGIE'S, NIGHT: C.U. of FUAD's brain.

FUAD

Oh Ishtar, why hast thou forsaken your servant? Do I deserve to be sloshed around by the hands of greedy unbelievers?

We PULL BACK to see STAN come in from the back room; he wipes his bloody hands on his chef's apron as he crosses over to FUAD.

STAN

That last batch was awful!

FUAD

As I have told you, Mr. Caidin, only a priest ordained in the Cult of Ishtar has the proper skill to prepare this recipe. If attempted by a novice, the flavor is like...

STAN slams his fist down on the table.

STAN

HORSE MANURE!

FUAD's brain sloshes to and fro against the glass.

STAN

When I found you in that back room,
mumbling sacred recipes to yourself,
I didn't recall anything about jellied
goat's milk. If you don't cooperate
with a correct ingredients list in ten
seconds, I'll see to it that you get a
private tour of this city's sewer system,
starting with my commode. Capiche?

FUAD

You are a shrewd man, Mr. Caidin. I shall
not deceive you further.

STAN pulls out a pad and pencil.

STAN

Okay, let's have it right this time.

FUAD

First you need the dessicated flesh of
three black felines.

STAN

Cat flesh...are you sure?

FUAD

As you can see, Mr. Caidin, I am but an
old brain, but I am not so old that I cannot
remember a recipe which has been a goal of
mine for two lifetimes. Why, just the other
day I was-

STAN (INTERRUPTS)

All right, all right! Three dried cat
bodies. What else?

FUAD

three pints of virgins blood.

STAN

Three pints of virgins blood.

GEORGE (O.S.)

And three hardboiled eggs.

STAN

And three hardboiled--

STAN drops his pad in fright and turns around.

FUAD

Ishtar be praised, my nephews have come.

A thunderous pounding of fists is heard from the far right exterior of the restaurant; STAN starts and looks in the direction of the sounds.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Come on out, Stanley, I'll give you a recipe!

The pounding shifts direction to the far left.

GEORGE (O.S.)

Stanley, stanley, three hardboiled eggs,
HA! HA! HA!

STAN moves slowly over to the cash register and the pounding stops; he glances around for any attempts at entry, but all is still; he pulls a gun out of a drawer beneath the register, then the pounding resumes from a wholly new location.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Stanley, come out or we'll come in!

STAN checks the chamber of his gun and finds it

empty; he picks up a large knife and surveys the most accessible points of entry, the front door and the side window;
The pounding stops; STAN moves to the center of the room to keep an easy eye on both the window and the door.

GEORGE & MICHAEL (SOFTLY, O.S.)

Come out or we'll come in...
Come out or we'll come in...

FUAD

Go out or they'll come in...
Go out or they'll come in...

The sing-song childish taunt builds louder and louder, then ends abruptly;
STAN is sweating heavily, waiting for the inevitable assault.

FUAD (WICKEDLY)

Go out, Stanley, they're waiting for you.

STAN turns toward FUAD's brain for a second, then GEORGE comes crashing through the front door and glass shatters everywhere; STAN has a small shard of glass stuck in his temple and blood runs down the side of his head; he doesn't flinch, but tightly raises and poises his knife;
GEORGE smiles and takes a short spreadlegged hop to the left, one hop forward, then a hop to the right; he taunts STAN as he would a fellow wrestler;
a rock flies through the side window; STAN turns his head quick enough to see MICHAEL reaching through the broken glass for the latch, then he faces GEORGE again, who has hopped three feet closer to him;

MICHAEL raises the window up and tries to climb in; STAN throws his knife in a dead aim at GEORGE, who hops out of the way; MICHAEL is in; he motions for GEORGE to advance and he does the same; Slowly, the two encircle STAN until they are about two arms length from him, then STAN makes a mad dash for the table and grabs FUAD.

STAN

I'll smash him! I swear to God, I'll
smash him!

GEORGE and MICHAEL stand motionless, trying to decide the next move.

FUAD

George, Michael, do as he says.

STAN raises the jar high above his head.

STAN

The both of you, stand together.

MICHAEL steps cautiously over to GEORGE, not once taking his eyes off STAN.

STAN

Now, get out of here or I'll throw it
down!

MICHAEL tilts his head toward GEORGE and whispers something; STAN throws the jar at both of them and scrambles for the window; GEORGE catches the jar in the nick of time.

FUAD

Oh, thank you, goddess, thank you!

STAN has just gottten the whole of his body out the

window when MICHAEL seizes a free hand, pulls it inside and slams the window shut on it, wedging STAN tight.

MICHAEL

George, what have you got?

GEORGE sets FUAD down and opens the large overcoat he is wearing to reveal knives, skewers and cleavers of varying sizes adhered to the lining; MICHAEL points to an oversized meat cleaver.

MICHAEL

That one.

GEORGE hands it to him.

STAN

Now, wait a minute, fellows! I wasn't really going to hurt him.

MICHAEL brings the cleaver down, severing STAN's hand from his wrist and we CUT TO

182. EXT, MR. VEGIE'S, THE WINDOW: STAN grabs the hilt of his stump, vainly trying to prevent the blood from gushing out as he staggers down the pavement toward his car.

STAN

You bastards! You goddamned freako bastards! You'll pay for this! I'll see you grilled in hell!

STAN opens the door to his car and scoots inside while blood gushes profusely from his stump; he fumbles in his pants for his keys with his remaining hand.

STAN (MAD AS HELL)

STAN (MAD AS HELL)

Goddamned sons o' bitches, they won't
get away with this! Cut off my hand,
will you?

STAN finds his keys and puts them in the ignition;
The car whines a few times.

STAN

Start! Start, you sonofabitching scrap
heap!

The car starts up and STAN swings his good arm
back to close the still-open door as we CUT TO

183. C.U. of the cleaver swinging down to chop off his
other hand, then CUT TO
184. LONG REAR VIEW of the car with MICHAEL and GEORGE
standing on either side of it, laughing hysterically,
then CUT TO
185. INT, CAR: STAN positions his stumps firmly on the
wheel and steps on the gas and the car takes off.

STAN

Go on, laugh, you goddamned sonofabitchin'
VD-ridden idiots! I'll get you! I'll
show you!

CUT TO

186. EXT, NIGHT, GEORGE and MICHAEL run after the
wildly wavering car, then CUT TO
187. INT, THE CAR: Blood squirts profusely over the
inside windshield.

STAN

Make me a cripple, will you? Cut off my
hands and laugh about it, will you?

The blood's so thick he can't see where he's going.

STAN

GOD DAMN IT!

Instinctively, he uses his elbow to flip on the windshield wipers.

STAN

I'm gonna get the cops, yeah! We'll see who laughs last then! We'll see who laughs, Mr. Big Shot Restaurateurs!

CUT TO

188. EXT, STREET, NIGHT: STAN's car crashes into a lamp post; all is still save for the clapping of the windshield wipers as we DISSOLVE TO
189. INT, SESMAR CAFE, NIGHT: SHEBA is propped up with her back against the front counter and a low moan issues from her lips as consciousness slowly returns, then CUT TO
190. C.U. of a male hand undoing her collar then the first button of her blouse, then CUT TO
191. C.U. of SHEBA as her eyes flicker open, then CUT TO
192. SHEBA's P.O.V.: Her vision is blurry and she sees GEORGE bent over her, fervently drooling as he unbuttons her clothing; SHEBA gives him a solid punch in the nose and we CUT TO
193. FULL VIEW of MARK SHEPARD falling to the floor, clutching his face, then we PAN BACK to SHEBA who is shaking the fuzz out of her vision, then back to SHEPARD who sits on the floor doing the same.

SHEPARD

Holy Christ, I was just trying to give you some air. I swear, I wouldn't have gone any further than the third or fourth button.

SHEBA (O.S.)

Mark? Man, am I glad it's you...

CUT TO

194. FULL VIEW of SHEBA sitting up and staring at him wide-eyed.

SHEBA (CONT)

...I thought that gruesome guy with the green tongue had come back for the finish.

CUT TO

195. FULL SIDE VIEW, SHEBA and SHEPARD sitting.

SHEPARD

Tell me, Jackson, are all of your people masters of the complimentary phrase or is it that certain something in me that inspires you?

SHEBA gets up and staggers to a nearby table.

SHEBA

Shepard, if you get me into the car and put out an A.P.B. on those Sesmar goons, you'll get the prettiest apology I've ever given to a white boy.

SHEPARD gets up to join her beside the table.

SHEPARD

The A.P.B. is already out. Judging from the hideous leftovers spilled in the back room, I'd say we've found our killers. As for you, the only place you're going is to the hospital. Come on, now, I'll take you.

SHEBA grabs SHEPARD by the lapels and pulls his face close to hers.

SHEBA

I want those two, Shepard...and I want them now!

DISSOLVE TO

196. INT, SESMAR VAN, NIGHT, MOVING: We hear the sound of something being sawed through; MICHAEL drives the van at a reckless pace with FUAD cradled between his legs.

FUAD

Ishtar, have mercy...

GEORGE & MICHAEL

Ishtar, have mercy...

CUT TO

197. INT, REAR OF THE VAN: GEORGE is sawing through the skull of Ishtar's waiting body with a hacksaw.

FUAD

The goddess have mercy...

CONNIE is bound and gagged, lying on the other side of GEORGE; she turns away from the operation and sobs.

GEORGE & MICHAEL

The goddess have mercy...

FUAD

Ishtar, have mercy...

GEORGE & MICHAEL

Ishtar, have mercy...

GEORGE pops open the skull of the corpse, sinks his fingers in and pulls out the brain contained therein.

GEORGE

Okey dokey, Michael.

GEORGE throws the unwanted organ against the back window and chuckles as it splatters;
CONNIE gags;

FUAD

Oh Ishtar, Mother of the Dark New Age,
accept this humble servant as your
priest and guide.

GEORGE relieves MICHAEL of FUAD, setting him beside the waiting body.

FUAD

Michael, the final incantations are
yours. Good luck...and Ishtar be with
you.

GEORGE lovingly deposits FUAD's brain inside the empty skull and snaps it shut, then we CUT TO

198. INT, CLUB LINGERIE, NIGHT: A shockabilly band is on the stage, blasting away and engaging in macabre histrionics;
The crowd on the dance floor is as exuberant as the band; many of them look as if the drugs are beginning to take full hold;
A young man jumps on the stage and leers at the audience; drool seeps from the corners of his mouth; a roadie kicks him in the butt and off the stage;
A young couple pop pills simultaneously!
Two black leather boys slam against each other in true punk fashion;
A girl dressed like a vampire pours beer all over her boyfriend's head and licks the residue off his neck;

A guy writhes convulsively on the floor and sings the lyrics of the present song;
A chubby girl eases her panties from under her skirt then tosses them to the lead singer who catches them in his mouth;
An older gentleman and his bosomy escort lean on the bar; the older gentleman is offered a pill by a stranger and refuses it;
Up in the D.J. booth, HENRY gives a young hanger-on the last pill from a plastic baggie.

HENRY

That's it...all gone.

JOSEPH looks at his watch.

JOSEPH

Where are those guys?

CUT TO

199. DANCE FLOOR: MICHAEL, dressed in Egyptian robes, comes running through the crowd with ISHTAR cradled in his arms; the crowd, thinking he is part of the show, applauds him; MICHAEL props ISHTAR up on the stage, kneels, and reads from the book of ANCIENT WEIRD RELIGIOUS RITES;
GEORGE lumbers through the crowd to the front of the stage, pulling the cauldron behind him with the hook and chain;
The rock group's bassist comes up to MICHAEL and taunts him with a few bass riffs; the noise of the band obliterates any audibility to MICHAEL's incantations but does not disturb his concentration; Jumping in time to the music, GEORGE stirs the Blood Feast with a large wooden spoon;

One of the black leather boys stops dancing, holds his head in his hands and tries to regain his composure.

LEATHER BOY #1

What's wrong?

LEATHER BOY #2

I don't know, I feel funny.

Trancelike, LEATHER BOY #2 staggers over toward GEORGE and LEATHER BOY #1 grabs him by the arm.

LEATHER BOY #1

What are you doing? You okay?

LEATHER BOY #2 (ZOMBIE LIKE)

Stew looks good...want meat...

LEATHER BOY #2 breaks away from his partner and hastens, with outstretched arms, for the pot;

LEATHER BOY #2

Want meat, got to have meat...

LEATHER BOY #2 throws his head into the cauldron;

LEATHER BOY #1 screams in horror;

GEORGE bounces up and down with delight;

LEATHER BOY #2 bobs up from the cauldron, chewing a large hunk of flesh, and glowers like a crazed animal as we do a HORIZONTAL WIPE TO

200. EXT, NIGHT: The full moon appears from behind a cloud, then we CUT TO

201. INT, SHEBA'S CAR, NIGHT, MOVING: MARK SHEPARD drives at a moderate pace as SHEBA snaps a clip into her automatic and carefully looks at all sides for any glimpse of the Sesmar van.

SHEPARD

God, I'm hungry!

SHEBA

The sooner you find that van, the
sooner you eat.

SHEPARD heaves a sigh then looks to see if SHEBA
is watching him; he inches his hand across the
seat toward her leg; not noticing him, SHEBA cocks
her gun;

SHEPARD snaps his hand back up to the wheel and we
CUT TO

202. EXT, STREET, NIGHT, MOVING: From SHEBA's P.O.V.,
we see the Sesmar van parked in an alleyway, then
CUT TO

203. INT, SHEBA'S CAR:

SHEBA

Hold it! There it is.

SHEPARD hits the brakes.

SHEBA

Fucking hell, that's the back entrance
to the club.

SHEBA flings open the car door and hops out.

SHEBA

Call for reinforcements, now, then come
in and give me a hand.

SHEPARD

Now, wait a-

SHEBA (INTERRUPTS)

SHEBA (INTERRUPTS)

Don't fuck with me, Shepard...I need your help.

DISSOLVE TO

204. INT, LINGERIE CLUB, NIGHT: The cauldron is now unattended as drug-crazed members of the crowd reach into the bloody pot to scoop up chunks of flesh and twining entrails; One crowd member fights off two others who are trying to get a severed hand out of his mouth; A young couple dances in a heated frenzy, oblivious to the surrounding mayhem; joyously, the young girl throws her arms around her partner's neck; without warning, he cranes his head over and bites a huge chunk out of her arm;

CUT TO

205. D.J. BOOTH: JOSEPH is bent over the mixing board, adjusting the sound of the band; HENRY jabs him excitedly in the ribs.

HENRY

Look at the stage! Look at the stage!

CUT TO

206. DANCE FLOOR: GEORGE has stepped up to the stage, placing the bound and gagged CONNIE between MICHAEL and ISHTAR; MICHAEL lays the open book tentlike atop CONNIE's stomach, then he draws a sacrificial dagger from a belt scabbard.

MICHAEL

Ishtar, the Dark side of Jupiter commands you. Awake and take your vengeance! Awake and begin to feed! Awake!

GEORGE

Ishtar, wake up!

CUT TO

207. EXT, CLUB LINGERIE, NIGHT: ERIC the doorman blocks SHEBA's way; she looks fed up and exasperated.

ERIC

Hey, we get killers in here all the time.
The point is, as I've said before, if
you don't have a warrant you've got to
pay the cover.

SHEBA shoves her gun into ERIC's mouth, slamming
him up against the door.

SHEBA

Is that enough?

CUT TO

208. INT, CLUB LINGERIE, NIGHT: We see ISHTAR open her
eyes as MICHAEL poises the knife above CONNIE's
throat.

MICHAEL

Ishtar, awake and claim your vengeance!

GEORGE notices her open eyes and nudges MICHAEL.

GEORGE (AWED)

Ishtar!

ISHTAR smiles wickedly and opens her mouth, showing
off two rows of razor-sharp teeth peaked with foamy
green drool; she stares down at MICHAEL.

MICHAEL

I, your humble servant, respectfully offer..
..your first meal on Earth.

MICHAEL raises the knife high above his head.

CONNIE's eyes widen and she screams;
A gunshot rings out and the knife flies out of
MICHAEL's hand; MICHAEL turns his head in anger;
CUT TO

209. FULL VIEW, SHEBA pointing his gun at MICHAEL; she
fires another two shots; ISHTAR receives one of
the bullets in the shoulder and a murky green
blood squirts out; the goddess screams in rage;
GEORGE and MICHAEL jump off the stage and into
the confusion of the crowd;
SHEBA tries to spot them among the dancers and
the eaters, all of whom seem unconcerned with
the shooting;
GEORGE's head bobs up and SHEBA takes aim; a
drug-crazed dancer pops up from behind SHEBA and
knocks the gun to the floor; SHEBA can't seem to
shake his grip; the hungry dancer snaps his jaws
at SHEBA's neck, feverishly fighting for a bite.
SHEBA and the dancer drop to the floor in a death
struggle;
210. MICHAEL returns to the lip of the stage and shouts
up at ISHTAR.

MICHAEL

Goddess of Evil, use the powers of Jupiter
to invoke your vengeance now.

TILT UP TO

211. FULL VIEW of ISHTAR as an inhuman shriek peals from
her throat; her eyes roll up in her head and thorns
sprout abundantly on her face;
She parts her blouse at the bottom, exposing a large
foul-looking orifice located on her stomach; rows of

jagged teeth line its interior and the lips on it flex convulsively; CUT TO

212. FULL VIEW of SHEBA as she wrests a hand free and knocks her assailant unconscious on top of her; Before she can get rid of him a flesh-crazed girl grabs her leg and prepares to bite into it; There's a gunshot and a bullet tears through the girl's head; SHEBA kicks the bodies off her and gets up to see
PAN RIGHT to FULL VIEW of MARK SHEPARD holding a smoking gun.

SHEPARD

I would've been here sooner but I couldn't find a decent parking place.

CUT TO

213. FULL VIEW of ISHTAR shaking tremulously, green foam spewing from her lips;
TILT DOWN to CONNIE at ISHTAR's feet; she works hard at loosening her bonds and bits of the green froth fall on her face; CUT TO
214. FULL VIEW of the band: It's members look at the hideous goddess, shrug and get back to their playing; CUT TO
215. The older gentleman and his bosomy escort are still seated at the end of the bar.

BOSOMY ESCORT

Pretty wild, huh?

GENTLEMAN

My ears hurt.

BOSOMY ESCORT

What?

GENTLEMAN

I said, my ears are going to explode!

CUT TO

216. ISHTAR: She screams like an animal and points to the bar; a green laser beam shoots from her fingertip; CUT TO

217. The elderly GENTLEMAN: As the laser beam touches and covers his face, his ears explode off his head; CUT TO

218. MICHAEL, jumping up and down ecstatically.

MICHAEL

EXCELLENT! EXCELLENT!

CUT TO

219. CONNIE, continuing to work on her binding; CUT TO

220. GEORGE, on the dance floor; he claps his hands with glee then grabs a fellow dancing next to him and smashes him in the face, then we PAN TO

SHEPARD and SHEBA as a pair of zombie dancers advance toward them with outstretched arms; the two cops fire simultaneously and the zombies fall to the floor; two other dancers pounce upon them and lap up the blood from the bullet holes, then CUT TO

221. ISHTAR points to the lead singer and screams; his throat bursts open as the green ray touches it and he falls off the stage at GEORGE's feet.

GEORGE

DO IT AGAIN! DO IT AGAIN!

CUT TO

222. ISHTAR: She points at the lead guitarist and his brains pop out the top of his outlandish hairdo; The remainder of the band quickly abandons the stage as we CUT TO
223. LONG SHOT, taking in SHEPARD, SHEBA and (at the foot of the stage) CONNIE: SHEPARD and SHEBA are firing almost spasmodically at the approaching flesh fiends while CONNIE succeeds in getting her hands free, then CUT TO
224. D.J. BOOTH: HENRY and JOSEPH are leaning over the railing, thoroughly engrossed in the madness below, then CUT TO
225. MICHAEL and ISHTAR: MICHAEL touches ISHTAR on the shoulder and points toward the D.J. booth.

MICHAEL

Up there!

ISHTAR screams and points; we PAN LEFT, TILT UP and ZOOM IN quick as a small explosion from the mixing board flings the two D.J.s against the wall, then CUT TO

226. EXT, CLUB LINGERIE, NIGHT: Several people run screaming from the club, then CUT BACK TO
227. INT, CLUB LINGERIE, NIGHT: Inside the D.J. BOOTH, we see HENRY and JOSEPH lying slumped against each other, charred and bloody, then CUT TO

228. CONNIE gets the bindings loose from her legs; just as she's about to make a break for it, MICHAEL grabs her hand.

MICHAEL (SCOLDINGLY)

No, no, nooo.

Behind her, the stomach of ISHTAR leaks yellow pus and quivers ravenously; MICHAEL slowly and firmly guides CONNIE's hand toward the abdominal jaws of ISHTAR as we CUT TO

229. SHEPARD and SHEBA: SHEPARD snaps a fresh clip into his gun.

SHEPARD (TO SHEBA)

Cover me!

We follow him as he runs toward the stage where CONNIE is screaming and trying to pull away from MICHAEL, to no avail---her fingers are dangerously close to the drooling orifice and MICHAEL sneers at her sadistically.

MICHAEL

Now, this won't hurt a bit.

SHEPARD fires at MICHAEL and the latter turns to stare pathetically at SHEPARD, a large bullet hole in his forehead; he then collapses off the stage.

ISHTAR's jaws snap shut a fraction of an inch from CONNIE's withdrawing fingers; SHEPARD puts his arm around CONNIE and leads her back through the maze of feeding and preoccupied zombies; as they approach SHEBA, she smiles approval and turns as a zombie comes up beside her; she points her gun and fires

but the gun is empty; clenching her teeth, she bludgeons the zombie inoperative with the empty gun as we CUT TO

230. GEORGE, kneeling on the dance floor with his dead brother's head cradled in his lap.

GEORGE

Mikey! Wake up, Mikey!

He turns toward the dance floor and snarls and we PAN BACK to SHEPARD as he delivers the shaken CONNIE to SHEBA.

SHEPARD

Get her outside!

As SHEBA starts to exit with CONNIE, SHEPARD screams in pain and falls to the floor; the large metal hook attached to the chain has been flung into his leg and GEORGE is reeling the chain in, length by length; as SHEPARD is dragged across the dance floor, closer to GEORGE, he shoots at zombies who try to grab at him as he slides by; Finally, GEORGE looms over SHEPARD, who raises his gun to fire; GEORGE kicks the gun out of his hand, then pulls on the chain as he backs up the steps leading onto the stage.

GEORGE

You kill my brother...now I have Ishtar eat your head off!

We PAN past GEORGE to the lower mouth of ISHTAR as it widens to make room for the size of SHEPARD's head; the teeth inside are very large and sharp; GEORGE continues to inch backward toward ISHTAR, his head bent down and looking at SHEPARD.

SHEBA (O.S.)

Hey Gruesome, look up!

GEORGE does so as we CUT TO

231. FULL SIDE VIEW of the whole scene: As GEORGE looks up, SHEBA gives him a hard judo kick in the chest and propels him backward---his head plunges fully into the jaws of ISHTAR, which snap shut; We PULL IN on SHEBA as she pulls the hook out of SHEPARD's leg, then they both look back up at the stage and we TILT UP with them; GEORGE's legs twitch excessively then go limp and a horrible munching sound is heard; we TILT DOWN to the grim-faced SHEBA as she helps SHEPARD off the stairs, using her shoulder as a crutch for him.

SHEBA

There's an ambulance on the way.

CUT TO

232. ISHTAR screams and there is a blinding flash of light, then we CUT TO
233. EXT, CLUB LINGERIE, NIGHT: Sirens pierce the night as SHEBA escorts SHEPARD out of the club and rests him against a wall a few feet from the entrance.

SHEBA

You okay?

SHEPARD grits his teeth and nods; the sirens stop and several uniformed policemen run past the two detectives and into the club; sounds of gunfire are heard immediately;

CHIEF MILLER trails behind the last uniformed cop

and halts as he approaches SHEBA and SHEPARD; he looks at SHEPARD's leg.

MILLER

How ya doin', Shepard?

SHEPARD

Pretty good for a white boy.

SHEBA smiles but MILLER just looks puzzled.

MILLER

Everybody dead?

SHEBA

I'm not so sure about the mean and ugly thing on the bandstand, but everyone else is.

MILLER

Good. You two did a fine job. Maybe the streets will find peace from freakos and fiends for awhile. Shepard, get on the ambulance with the Thornton girl. Jackson, I'll expect a full report in the morning.

SHEBA and SHEPARD both frown at his last remark, then watch as he walks off toward the club entrance;
CUT TO

234. INT, CLUB LINGERIE, NIGHT: CHIEF MILLER surveys the grim aftermath of the slaughter; bodies are strewn about everywhere he looks;
A girl stirs on the floor beside him and he shoots her casually without looking at her, then strolls toward the stage;
The headless body of GEORGE lies amidst a steaming pile of green goo; MILLER stares at it and scratches his head as we CUT TO

235. EXT, LINGERIE CLUB, NIGHT: SHEBA slings SHEPARD's arm around her shoulder, once again supporting him like a crutch.

SHEBA

Come on, Mark, I'll buy you a cup of the finest hospital coffee in town.

SHEPARD laughs and hobbles alongside her;
We DOLLY along with them then past them and continue down the sidewalk; sounds of footsteps are heard and a pair of female feet wearing high heels come into the frame as we continue to DOLLY; The sound of an idling car is heard and we PAN to the left to take in a car cruising at the same pace as the person walking;
The camera stops moving along with the car and we DOLLY in for a CLOSE VIEW of the driver, a seedy looking young fellow who leans over and opens the passenger door.

DRIVER

Come on in, honey, I'm wired and ready for anything.

We PAN a little to the right, TILTING DOWN to a pair of spike-heeled feet stepping into the car, then CUT TO

236. INT, THE CAR, NIGHT, PASSENGER P.O.V.: The driver pulls away from the curb and heads on down the road; he takes time from his driving to shoot the unseen rider lascivious glances.

DRIVER

So, sweet cakes, before we get down to getting down, what do I call you?